

THE

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THE VICTORY OF THE FUTURE.

As the gloom of her present trials and misfortunes deepens around the Church, it is well for Catholics to rekindle their abiding trust in her future triumph. The times call for the manifestation and exercise of our unshaken faith, and an unclouded confidence in the Divine Providence that forever guides and upholds our holy Mother. Despondency and distrust, inexcusable in any season, are nothing short of sinful in the present crisis, when the powers of earth and of hell are glorying in their might, and laughing to scorn the helpless Vicar of Christ.

"At last," cries Cæsar, "I receive my full tribute. There is no intermeddling priest to advocate the claims of his God. My subjects now belong to me, body and soul. The Catholic Church, as a system of government and diplomacy, has fallen. The only power which I and my fellow-rulers had cause to fear, has perished. I have driven

out the Jesuits. I have reduced the clergy to their proper place as a profession, on a footing with lawyers and physicians. I have despoiled the Pope of his temporal power. Catholicity is as powerless against me as Protestantism, and who knows that, like the latter, it may, in time, cringe to my power, subserve my purposes, and help me to execute my designs?"

"The road is clear at last," says Infidelity. "The opportunity for which I have been waiting this century past, is come. My sole enemy, the Catholic Church, no longer has power to check my onward career. She is banished from the schools of Europe. She has no hand in the education of America. Her piercing eyes, which read me at a glance, are closed in death. Her terrible voice, which once awakened the echoes of the world, is stilled forever. Her mighty hand, which once hurled me from Europe, lies now quite helpless. She that laughed

at my sciences, my civilization, my lectures, my claims, has yielded. She that tore in shreds my theories, burnt my books, interdicted my journals, overthrew my designs, 'heated my enemies, and cooled my friends,' no longer crosses my path. My secret societies have been more than a match for her religious orders. The Devil, as she sneeringly called the lofty and undying principle of my life, and the holy enthusiasm which impels me to free humanity from her thralldom, has at length proved victorious over her Gods and virgins, saints and angels, and all the other appliances and devices by which she has so long kept her hold upon the world."

"Romanism," chimes in poor, decrepit Protestantism, too conceited to notice the contemptuous laughter with which she is greeted by Cæsar and Infidelity, and too ignorant to perceive that her miserable life depends upon the triumph of Christianity, that is to say, of Catholicity—"Romanism, to be sure, as I always predicted, is dead. Antichrist is buried in his house of sin. Babylon is in ruins. The horns are all cut off." "Yes," continues the snuffling old dame, putting on her spectacles and turning over the book of Revelations—"yes; the number of the Beast is 666, which multiplied three times just about makes 1872, the present year, and, sure enough, the Pope is fallen. Let us all sing the fiftieth hymn, 'Strike down, O Lord, the man of sin,' after which a collection will be taken up for the spread of the Gospel in Italy and Spain, part of the proceeds to be expended in the purchase of a copy of

the Scriptures for the use of the Pope."

"The haughty mistress of Christendom," says Schism, "the arrogant Church that branded me as cursed of God, can no longer boast of her unity and perpetuity. The chain with which she held together the various churches of Europe is broken. The National Church of Germany joins hands with the National Church of Italy. The Greek Church no longer fears her once mighty rival. The Anglican Church daily increases in strength. Rome and her influence, her dogmatic voice, her councils, her Pope, her manifold powers, are gone."

Thus do the enemies of the Church gloat over her apparent downfall. In their jubilation they forget that she has seen darker days than the present, that she has been in worse plights before. Their short-sighted human wisdom, looking upon her only as she is, fails to see the past which she has outlived, and the future which she is to gain. They ignore her history, and the grand truth which it unfolds, namely, that the Church is victory—victory over the world, and victory over hell. They mistake her patience for cowardice, and her slight reverses for utter defeat. They shout "victory" before the battle is over, and intoxicated with their partial success, they are wholly unprepared for the decisive blow with which she invariably regains the mastery over her discomfited and cowering foe.

Were their passion and prejudice less blind, common sense and prudent foresight would suffice to show them the unreasonableness of their wild exultation over the "fall of

Rome and the extinction of Catholicity." An English historian, viewing the Church merely as an institution which struck him as the perfect triumph of human skill and power, drew the conclusion that her destruction cannot be compassed by human wisdom or force. The philosophic study of her organization and history satisfied him that man, in her formation, reached the acmé of his wisdom and might, so that the Church alone of all his works is destined to be indestructible. He cannot overturn her without burying himself in her ruins. The religious, political, moral, and social necessities of the race combine to guarantee her perpetual existence. Without her, society would fail. She is the sole evidence, on earth, of man's ability to put forth an influence as enduring as the world. Possessing all the elements that enliven every school of human thought, and every theatre of human action, she has what they have not, nor cannot have—a power of transmission, a channel of vitality, a principle of reproduction and assimilation, a marvellous organization, that fit her for any age and for all time. Hence he concluded that, in virtue of all these, she would exist in undiminished vigor when Protestantism had perished, and modern civilization had shifted—"when a New Zealander would take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Arguing thus from merely natural premises, thoughtful men have declared the indestructibility of the Church. They discover a "law" in her history, a "happy fortune" in her career, which always assert

themselves when her destruction seems at hand. The shadows of the Catacombs vanish before the light of Constantine's cross. The wreck of ancient Rome furnishes her with the materials wherewith to rebuild and strengthen her tottering throne. The violence and bloodshed of certain mediæval epochs are succeeded by the law of reaction, that ends in order and peace. The fall of one Pope only raises higher the chair of his successor. The Protestant departure only gathers her folds more closely together. The Napoleonic incursions awaken the sympathy of Europe. Her very feebleness, at times, is, like that of children, the reason of her strength. Her setting glory is reflected on her present ruin. Her pristine power veils her present weakness. Her "feeble dart" seems to have the same force as when it was hurled by her once strong hand. Her vain anathemas still awaken a part of the fear which once unnerved the heart of heretic and schismatic. In her mystery and antiquity she exercises, forever, a spell which the world cannot, and will not shake off. With the Church there is no future. She is immortal.

But such an explanation of the perpetuity of the Church is designed to conceal from men the supernatural energy which fills her, the divine life which she forever manifests. It is an attempt to explain the secret of a life which nothing on earth resembles, because nothing of earth shares it with her. Were any one to talk thus about any other institution than the Church, he would be counted a fool. The idea that a

human institution exists because it keeps a spell and a blind upon the world is so preposterous that it could never be listened to, except as the explanation of the perpetuity of the Church. Anything will be gladly accepted as a reason for the existence of that which otherwise must be regarded as a token and proof of the omnipotence of God.

A second class promise victory to the Church, on the ground that the civil governments which founded her will in time recognize their continued need of her. Just at present, European states have cast her aside, but this is a political blunder. The masses are not sufficiently enlightened to live without superstition, and are too prone to vice to be checked by anything short of the vulgar terrors of devils and of hell. The shrewdest diplomats of Europe are beginning to regret the consequences of the policy which excludes the Church from any part in the general government. These political prophets foretell the speedy triumph of the Church, as the possessor of a powerful political and conservative influence. True, we must never permit her to exercise the powers which she wielded in the middle ages; but we may turn her to good account in the conciliation of political factions and the removal of elements of discord and disunion. In fact, a number of leading European diplomatists believe, that the only hope for the political salvation, of the Catholic States in particular, depends on the speedy recognition and proper acknowledgment of the Church's political claims and abilities.

But the coming victory of the

Church will not result from her political usefulness. Politics neither established nor supported her. The assertion that she ever owed her preservation to the support given her by the secular power is contradicted by facts. After carefully comparing the assistance which she has received from civil government with the direct opposition which she has encountered from it, we do not think that she is under so weighty obligations to the secular arm as Sismondi and his school of history would fain have us believe. We neither undervalue the material aid given to the Holy See by many rulers, nor do we make light of their noble efforts to establish its authority over their turbulent subjects. But we say (and we appeal to history in confirmation of our statement) that the Church, as a rule, has found in the civil government, a stubborn and powerful enemy of her rights. The position here taken is further strengthened by the fact that she has never cringed to the civil power, nor sought to gain the goodwill of princes by humoring their passions, or approving their injustices. The "*non possumus*" of Pius IX is the re-echo of the answer of all his predecessors when asked to sacrifice a principle, or to forego a primatial right. If the Church, as asserted, has always curried favor with rulers, she has always chosen the worst possible means of succeeding. To depose a prince, lay his kingdom under an interdict, thwart his plans, rebuke his vices, are not acts calculated to inspire his love, or gain his confidence. The Popes sacrificed England sooner than a divorce to Henry

VIII. Wiser in their generation, Luther and Melancthon made a firm friend of the landgrave of Hesse, by soothing his tender conscience with their sanction of his "double marriage." Whatever the Church has got from men has never been obtained by deception, force, or weak compliance. Every page of her history testifies to her unyielding opposition to wrong, devoted championship of right, unshaken steadfastness to her principles, and scornful refusal to secure or extend her power at the expense of her independence or integrity. Even admitting that indomitable will, great administrative abilities, profound diplomatic skill, unbounded ambition, and tireless energy have been characteristics of many Popes and other illustrious churchmen, these qualities alone could not have saved the Church. Popes that had not the executive abilities of Gregory VII, or of Innocent III, have governed the Church wisely, combated for her rights successfully, and triumphed over her enemies more signally than did either of these great Pontiffs, to whom Guizot attributes the foundation of the Papacy. The same great intellectual gifts were possessed by the successors of Mahomet, but they could not stay the downfall of the Caliphate. The genius of Ghengis Khan and Tamerlane failed to uphold their extensive power. The subtlety and fierce valor of the Moorish princes could not avert the destruction of their long-established rule in Spain, and in our own time the consummate skill of the two Napoleons could not preserve their empire.

Here then we have two classes,

both outside the Church, both enemies to her, one declaring her ruin, the other prophesying her triumph, both in error, the former, because they believe her destroyed, the latter, because they ascribe her perpetual existence to wrong or inadequate causes. It is ours to set both right, by pointing out the real cause of the unprecedented victory which is soon to set upon the banners of the Church.

First, the mystery is that any one blessed with reason and eyesight, can persuade himself that the Church is here and now destroyed. The fall of the Pope's temporal throne sent a thrill of joy throughout the non-Catholic world, which regarded it as the simultaneous fall of his spiritual power. What is so clear to Catholics was to it wholly unintelligible. Few Protestants can be made to understand that the temporal power of the Pope is something entirely distinct from his spiritual power. The Pope is Pope, the head of the Church, the universal Bishop, to whom all Catholics owe spiritual submission and obedience, no matter what his worldly fortunes may be. If he were reduced to slavery and forced to work in a quarry, as happened to one of the early Popes, the Catholic world would still bow in reverence before him, nor think his crown dimmed, or his power annulled. Has the Church failed because Pius IX is without earthly power or means? Has he ceased to be Pope because he has ceased to be King? In a few days the whole Church will break out into a song of praise and thanksgiving to God for enabling her to celebrate the twenty-sixth anniversary of his coronation.

Where is the evidence that the Church no longer has a commanding voice? One word from Pius brought to Rome the bishops of the world, the representatives of two hundred millions of men, each man a unit in his faith. Where is the "revolt" of the Catholic world against the Pope and Council? A handful of German malcontents, who, the latest telegram informs us, are heartily disgusted with the "inconceivable apathy" with which the German Catholics view their proceedings and listen to their denunciations of the Pope. Our German fellow Catholics, though afflicted with interminable dissertations, lectures, congresses, and discussions about the usurpations of Rome and the rights of their national Church, calmly smoke their pipes and let the "Old Catholic Party" fret and fume. Where is the high-spirited American Catholic who, we were told, would never accept the dogma of infallibility? Nobody has ever seen him. And the English Bishops that were plotting with Döllinger and the French Church that was to secede as soon as infallibility was proclaimed!

If the Church be destroyed, disunited, dead, it is strange that she doesn't yet know it. Everything in and about her indicates an overflowing vitality and energy. Not to look beyond our own country, what living religion is so active as this "dead" one? Although there is a church or a chapel in wellnigh every village and hamlet in the Union, statistics show that half of our Catholics cannot be accommodated. Sad as is this evidence of our ignorance, it is nevertheless true, that we are all unaware of the

"death and utter extinction" of our Church and faith.

But if the Church is not quite dead, is she not mortally sick? Do not Catholics themselves admit that her prospects of life are slight indeed? Is there not a general decay of faith and morals in Europe? Does not the Pope himself in his various allocutions speak of the Church as tossed upon the billows of persecution and danger? And when Catholics, who are proverbial for boasting of the power of their faith to survive persecution, acknowledge that it is now nearly shipwrecked, we are satisfied in concluding that they are very dubious about the issue of her present trials. Not so. It is part, nay the essence of our faith to believe in the absolute indestructibility of the Church. We show that either the Church is everlasting, or else that Christ is not God. This faith cannot be obscured by any misfortune. Once the Arian heresy so prevailed that St. Jerome said the whole world was infected. Once the clouds so lowered upon the Papal throne that only a few knew who the right Pope was. Once men grew so corrupt, that had Christ come to judge the world, his own words about not finding scarcely any faith in the world would have been verified. Was the Church dead? Did the faith perish from off the earth? No! heaven and earth are to pass away before His words shall pass, and His assurance is sworn to her that she is fixed on an immovable rock, that He is with her all days, that His Spirit perpetually abides with her, that she is His Spouse, whose glorious brow neither hell nor earth, neither time nor trial, can

stain with spot or wrinkle. Her future is secured to her. Her immortal life blooms with unfading laurels. Her faith is, the victory which overcomes the world. All agencies that combine to perpetuate or support her, suppose and depend upon this divine life. Human wisdom, civil power, prestige, antiquity, diplomacy, or any other agency that her enemies think is the secret of her existence, could not stand a moment before the inroads of hell and the world, or even of time and change. She may have used them as instruments. They may have helped her to work out certain purposes. But to ascribe her perpetuity or her victories to them alone is as false as it is ridiculous.

Is this, however, not rather indefinite? The future is a vague term. Will the Church triumph in a year or in a century hence? An unbeliever putting this question cannot receive an answer, because he denies the reason and grounds on which our answer must be given. But Catholics who believe in the divinity of the Church and in the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, the spirit of prophecy, believe that God can impart, and has actually imparted to his faithful servants in all ages, a knowledge of the future. He with whom there is no past or present or future, but from whose allseeing eyes nothing is hidden, has vouchsafed to reveal to His saints the speedy triumph of His Church. As the general nature and credibility and authority of private prophecy are matters which the Church in her divine wisdom has carefully settled, it is well to state the view which she takes of

them. She bids us avoid two extremes, absolute distrust and rejection of private prophecies, and unquestioning credulity and trust in them. This principle is forcibly expressed by the Apostle, "Do not reject prophecies; yet prove all things." He does not refer to the scriptural prophecies, as is evident, but to the predictions made by many of the brethren. And the Spirit of God, that in those days revealed the future to the Apostles, still abides in the Church and still imparts his prophetic power, as we know from the sanction which the Church frequently gives to the predictions of her saints, and as we further know from their marvellous fulfilment.

And indeed the spirit of prophecy must rest upon her as the ever-living witness of Christ, and the grand attester of the power of God in the world. She is the embodiment of all the evidences of the divinity of Christianity. Thus the gift of miracles abides with her; the testimony of martyrs seals her commission; the unity and Catholicity, holiness and visibility of Christianity live and are manifested in her. No Catholic, then, can deny her prophetic power. But, at the same time, God, inasmuch as he "disposes all things sweetly," is not wont to be lavish of his gifts on every one. He bestows this inestimable grace of prophecy only on certain saints, and no matter how holy these are, their predictions are not certified by the Church, "the only legitimate judge of such predictions," until they have been subjected to a thorough investigation, "collated from the depositions taken in the usual pro-

cess and examination, and have received the *imprimatur* of the requisite ecclesiastical officials at Rome." Even when not the slightest doubt remains of the authenticity of such predictions, the Church does not exact faith in them, but recommends them to her children as possessing the highest historical certitude, and as worthy of acceptance from all that believe in the Divine mercy that, for its own wise purposes, reveals the future to men.

Keeping these principles in view, we know exactly what belief we are justified in reposing in the collection of prophecies lately published in a leading European Catholic journal, edited by distinguished ecclesiastics, and enjoying the official approbation of the Pope.*

The first prophecy regarding the future of the Holy See, is the catalogue of mottoes descriptive of the Popes that were to sit in St. Peter's Chair, from the days of St. Malachy, the author of the predictions, down to the end of the world. No criticism can explain away the wonderful appositeness of these mottoes, or their striking portrayal of each Pope in turn. Thus, for example, St. Malachy sums up the whole life and career of Pius VI in the motto: *Peregrinus Apostolicus,—the Apostolic Exile*. So when Pius IX ascended the throne, amid the plaudits and smiles of the world, when everything betokened a happy and prosperous Pontificate, the motto by which St. Malachy had foretold the character of his reign was not likely to be verified. *Crux de cruce*,

"Cross after cross," trial upon trial, ran the words, and many smiled at the boding, but utterly improbable prophecy. How sadly truthful it was we now can see. These are not so remarkable as other mottoes which actually give the coat of arms of many popes. The next Pontiff is to be a Light in the Heavens, *Lux in cælo*; and in our trustful watch we already behold his radiance falling upon the Church and the world.

The next set of prophecies quoted and authenticated by the *Civiltà*, dates from the ninth century. They all point to the present age as one to be marked by a grand triumph of the Church. Rabanus Maurus, the holy abbot of Fulda (A.D. 822) foretold the present troubles of the Church, which he says will be terminated by a great and holy pope, who, aided by a mighty king of France, will restore the papal throne, and rule over the whole world, united in Christian faith, after heresy, and Islamism, and schism shall have perished. Jerome Brolino, a monk of St. Germain, of Paris, prophesied in the year 1420, that after four centuries the earth would be desolated, and the Church in tears. Then would come a son of Artois, who is to rule France and restore the Pope. This prophecy is confirmed by St. Cesarius, who likewise makes the king a Frenchman. Sister Nativity, of the Urbanites, foretold in 1792, the holding of a great council about the present time, which would reform the world. The venerable Holzhauser, who died in 1658, was favored by God with a wonderful insight into the future. In his explanation of certain Biblical proph-

* La Civiltà Cattolica. April, 1872. *I vaticinii ei nostri tempi*.

ecies, he divides the time from the birth of Christ to the end of the world into seven epochs, the first of which extends to Nero; the second, to Constantine; the third, to Charlemagne; the fourth, to Charles V and the Protestant heresy; the fifth, to a great pope and king, who will open the sixth period, which will extend to the age of Antichrist. Throughout the course of the fifth period, or from Luther down to the promised great pope and monarch, men will be tossed about with errors, kingdoms will be overthrown, and an insane desire to abolish monarchies and establish republics will seize the minds of men. The temporal power of the Papacy will be invaded. The great pope will be assisted by a powerful prince, who will destroy the Ottoman empire. In the days of this pope heresy will die. He will close the greatest of the Ecumenical Councils after it has undergone much trial and persecution. The king will be guided by the Spirit of God, and will devote his life to the restoration of the lost glories of the Church. He will be

the instrument by which the Almighty will lead into the Church all the children of men. It is remarkable that this prophecy dates as far back as the days of St. Gregory, of Armenias. It is quoted and explained by St. Francis of Sales.

With the limitations, explanations, and conditions which we have laid down above, we place these striking and encouraging predictions before our readers. They breathe hope and joy. They show us that the Almighty has a glorious day in store for his Church; that Church, whose enemies are now so jubilant and triumphant. True, aside from these prophecies we know that the victory of the future belongs to the Church; and did it please God to veil it from us, our trust would be no less strong, our hope no less abiding. We have only to wait a little while, and lo! the Church, under the leadership of her great Chief Bishop, will arise in her majesty, and in the freshness and strength of her immortal youth, vanquish and crush the enemies that now dog and howl around her footsteps.

HAPPINESS.

Oh! what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a grateful heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the winds and verdant trembling leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquence in prayer.

SUMMER.

SUN-GOLD within her hair young Summer sings,
And the gay descant rings
O'er many a daily path, till Night
Clothes her—an Amazon most fair—
In moony armor, quaint and rare,
By Cynthia fashioned in her halls of light.

Blue-eyed young Summer smiles upon the earth,
That in its glee sends forth
A troop of flowers to say, "All hail!"
And scatter sweetly as they pass
Odors that wile from bush and grass
Bees and bright-winged flies that flutter in the gale.

Light-footed as a fay young Summer dances,
The while to sweet romances
The nightingale attunes her voice
In woods where heat-struck deer repose—
Where, tinkling by, the streamlet flows,
And in its plashy depths the sleek, cool trout rejoice.

Sun-loving Summer there in quiet ease
Lieth 'neath rustling trees :
The priestly oaks that gravely spread
Their broad arms o'er the flowers below
In verdant benediction, throw
A refulgent halo round her dreamy head.

There Summer, cooled by zephyrs of the night,
Slumbereth to human sight,
Yet with great Nature duly runs
Her proper course, untired and true,
While Man, dull-eared, dim-sighted too,
Scarce hears or sees Night's songs or Morning's suns!

ALONE IN THE WORLD; OR, THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRUITLESS SEARCH.

NURSE had entered the servants' hall, full of encomiums on the goodness of Miss Graham, who saved her so much trouble with the baby, who was growing fractious, being about that epoch of teething, in which baby-life suffers more than usual. "I really shall be quite sorry when she leaves Asbleigh Thorpe. I am sure," she added in a confidential tone, to her own particular friend, Mrs. Forrester's maid, "it does one's heart good to see her, crossed in love, as she has been, taking so to her sister's child, and nursing it (I say this between you and me), almost as much as I do. I really should dread the trouble there will be when the child comes to be weaned, only that I heard Mrs. Forrester say Miss Graham should stay through the summer."

"And so you think, nurse, that Miss Graham will take much of that odious task of weaning on herself?" "I am right sure of it," replied nurse, and then the conversation between the maids became general, enlivened as it was by the sallies of the footmen, and the afternoon refreshment of tea was prolonged till the hands of the clock pointed to half-past six.

"Baby sleeps longer than usual," said nurse, rising at the same time as her confidant, Jane; "however, he is in good hands. Miss Graham has never rung for me."

"Bring your work to my room,

nurse, and we'll have a quiet hour's chat," replied Jane.

Nurse assented, and the two friends worked away, though we are fain to confess much more with their tongues than their fingers; and so it was that the material on which each was engaged, unconsciously dropped from their hands, whilst they each grew warm in the recital of certain passages in their former lives, and their experiences since they had entered service.

"Laws bless me, Jane," said nurse, at length coming to a stop, "how dark it's getting. Why, bless me, we have chatted for a good hour and a half, and Miss Graham has never rung for me to take baby. She'll be having her tea now, so I'll bid you good bye. I don't want to vex her, for she really saves me a deal of trouble."

Away went nurse to the library, encountering a servant on the way, who was carrying a tray containing Miss Graham's tea to the drawing-room, the door of which stood open, revealing a handsome apartment, partially veiled by the obscurity of the shades of the autumn evening.

"Nurse," said a man-servant, who passed her with a couple of lighted wax candles, "will you tell Miss Graham that her tea is waiting for her; she is late to-night."

The always gloomy library, with its long narrow windows, was quite dark, and of course quite silent. When nurse opened the door, and

half in fear, though as she afterwards observed, she knew not why, she exclaimed—

“Miss Graham! why bless me, ma’am, are you sitting here all alone in the dark, and baby asleep still?”

There was no answer, and much terrified, she again called on Ella by name.

Still no reply; and she was groping her way to the cradle, when a vague fear took possession of her mind, and rooted to the spot on which she stood, beside the table at which Ella generally sat, but confident there was no living thing in the apartment besides herself, she uttered a shriek so loud that three of the female servants rushed in at once to see what was the matter.

There she stood, a pale, terror-stricken woman, two words on her lips—“The baby! the baby!” and as she spoke she rushed to the cradle, empty, alas! of its little occupant! In one moment, all the domestics had assembled. “Where was Miss Graham?—where *she* was there was the infant!” But nowhere was she to be seen!

Had she rambled about the grounds, with Master Wally in her arms? It was a forlorn hope; but it was just possible, so two of the panic-stricken female servants, accompanied by the footman, sallied forth in quest of her, while the others ransacked the house from roof to basement.

If they still entertained a hope, it was quickly doomed to be destroyed. Ella’s room presented a scene of perfect confusion. There was a small note on the dressing-table, directed to Mrs. Forrester.

In the midst of this terrible dis-

may, the noise of carriage-wheels was heard, but suddenly the sound ceased. Mrs. Forrester, wearied with her expedition, had fallen asleep; but was roused by her husband exclaiming, as he angrily gave orders to the coachman to stop, “Inquire what John and those two women are about, parading the grounds with lighted lanterns?”

The next moment John stood at the carriage door, and bowing respectfully, he said—

“Please, sir, Miss Graham and Master Baby are both amissing. We are looking about the grounds this half-hour. The fish pond, sir, it wouldn’t be likely—surely,” said the man, incautiously.

“Whatever is the matter, Robert?” said Mrs. Forrester, languidly rising. “What are those servants about, out at this time in the evening?”

“Be quiet, my dear. There is something wrong, I fear. It seems Ella is missing—has not been seen for some hours.”

“Gracious Heavens!” said Mrs. Forrester, “and she is timid, since her illness. Nothing would lead her from the house, at this hour, of her own will.”

Mr. Forrester had purposely kept from the knowledge of his wife that Ella was not missing *alone*, but his caution was unnecessary; for the foolish nurse burst out with the words—“And the baby, ma’am; the dear baby too! She told me she would ring when baby waked, and I waited and waited; but she never rung at all!”

Mrs. Forrester, though far from a strong-minded woman, neither shrieked nor swooned; but with parted lips and colorless cheeks,

she sank back in the carriage, and with her hand on her husband's arm, she gasped forth the words—

“Home, as soon as possible. Ella! My child! my child!”

All fear of Ella having rambled about after dark, with the baby, and by either accident or carelessness falling into the fishpond, was removed by the note Jane gave to Mrs. Forrester. She recognized Ella's handwriting, and tearing it hastily open, she read as follows:

“Dearest Louisa,—I shall be far away when you read these lines. When I say to you that our own darling babe is with *me*, you, who know how dearly I love him, will be aware he is well cared for. Dear little fellow, I was too fond of him ever to part with him. Other children will rise around and love you, Lucy, do not grudge me the sole possession of your little cherub.

Your affectionate sister,

“ELLA GRAHAM.”

Speechless with consternation, the unhappy Mrs. Forrester dropped the letter from her hands. The blow was too heavy; the loss of her first-born babe was more than she could bear, and she would have fallen on the ground had not her husband caught her in his arms and borne her to a couch.

Medical aid was immediately summoned, but the unhappy lady remained long unconscious, and for several days her recovery remained uncertain.

Meanwhile, Mr. Forrester neglected none of the appliances which wealth can bring, to trace the whereabouts of Ella and the infant. Had he been at home at the time of the elopement, probably she

might have been tracked. A large reward was offered, her appearance was described, but every effort was unavailing.

A month elapsed—a long, weary month of anxious suspense—during which every ring at the bell, every footstep on the gravel walk without, sent the warm blood from the lips and cheek of the agonized mother. Then ensued that dull, apathetic sorrow, which steals over us when time passes on, and takes away the last lingering hope which has hitherto buoyed us up.

One terrible fear, too terrible to contemplate calmly, had taken possession of the minds of the unfortunate parents—“Had Ella really lost her reason, when she stole away the child?” This formed the basis of many a sad conversation. If so, how dreadful might have been its fate? If perfectly sane, how cruel and heartless was the deed; and in either event, how, on her little stipend of fifty pounds a year, could she rear and educate their child—the little heir of a good estate?

Mr. Forrester had applied at the Bank in which Ella's little income was vested, the day after the elopement; but “the funds had been withdrawn,” replied the manager, “by the lady herself, three days before she left Ashleigh Thorpe.” Whilst the box, supposed to contain music, and directed to the owner of the shop at which Ella had made her purchases, had been sent on to the Euston Station, she herself having evidently removed it on the night of her arrival in London, and no clue as to its destination could be obtained.

Less demonstrative than her

more impulsive sister, nevertheless Mrs. Forrester dearly loved her child. Occasionally she had felt a jealous pang, on witnessing Ella's overweening love for it, and little liked to see the intelligent infant so tenderly embraced even by her own sister; now, the only balm to her sorrow was in the conviction of the strength of Ella's affection—guilty as she undoubtedly was to herself—her only hope that she was cruel to her, rather than swayed by a hideous insanity.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FLIGHT.

WHEN Ella left the house, with the infant in her arms, it was by no means with the intention of proceeding to the New Railway Station, opened at the village to which we have given the name of Ashleigh Thorpe, for she knew that she should be recognized should she turn her steps in that direction; so she preferred a long walk of four miles, on a dusty road, which would lead her to the Leamington Station, at which she intended booking through to London.

To her great dismay, when about a quarter of a mile on the road, she discovered that the little spaniel, Fido, was closely following her; nor could she get rid of him till she had administered a scolding, to which the poor little animal had been long a stranger.

The next trial was the fretfulness of the poor infant, who sadly missed the evening meal of bread and milk; and stopping at a farm-house, she paid for a basin of warm milk, a portion of which she deposited in a bottle, for use during her journey. Tired and heated, she at length

arrived at Leamington, and found her box already at the booking-office, to which it had been forwarded by the person at whose shop she had made a few small purchases, and to whose care it had been originally directed.

Keeping her veil closely drawn over her face, she at length, after many a furtive glance, to see if any one to whom she was known was at hand, succeeded in obtaining a second-class railway ticket, and found she should not arrive in London till nearly eleven o'clock at night. She enjoyed, however, a feeling of comparative ease when she had taken her seat, and opening the shawl she gazed with affectionate earnestness on the sleeping babe, whom, I do believe, she more dearly loved for the very trouble she was going through to insure safe possession of it to herself.

Two respectable elderly women and a gentleman were her fellow-travellers: and at last the welcome bell was heard, then the shriek of the engine, and the train was put in motion.

Her companions were singularly taciturn, and Ella felt some dread as to how they would endure the screaming which sooner or later was sure to take place.

About half the journey was completed, when the baby began to be restless, and Ella looked with some dismay at her travelling companions, two of whom appeared to be comfortably snoozing in their respective corners; but when babyhood chooses to squall, not all the powers on earth can stop it; and it was so on this occasion.

All her confusion about the disturbance it would cause to others,

was lost in her grief about the hunger of the baby, so that she did not notice the shrug, indicative of annoyance, exchanged between the travellers; or the "pish," and "pshaw," of the old gentleman in the opposite corner.

Suddenly she bethought herself of a new scheme whereby to still the cries of the child, and she drew from her pocket a small ebony box, which was called Master Wally's musical box, and, winding it up, she set it playing several very merry airs, of which the old songs, "Sich a-gittin' up stairs," for the comic; and "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," for the sentimental, were exceedingly prominent.

The musical box, however, rather made matters worse than the reverse, and the irate old gentleman at last broke out, with—

"Very provoking; very provoking, indeed; the idea of the people travelling at night with their babies. The poor child ought to be in bed, ma'am, instead of being dragged about to its own discomfort and the annoyance of other people."

Ella made no reply, except, that "people must travel when it best suited their convenience."

For some time the old gentleman, now thoroughly aroused, had contented himself with beating his foot impatiently on the ground, inwardly bemoaning the fate which had led him to enter the carriage in which there was "a squalling brat," when suddenly the train stopped at a small station, and, starting from his seat, he pushed down the window of the carriage, and made a violent effort to unfasten the door. He failed, however, but bawled loudly

to a porter, who inquired, "Was he going to get out? The train was only stopping to take up a few passengers."

"Let me out; let me out!" vociferated the old man, "I want to change into another carriage!"

"What for?" said the porter, sulkily, "there be only three ladies. No one drunk or disorderly."

"A noisy brat is worse! Let me out; or I'll report you at the next station." "All right, sir," said the man, opening the door; "but I warn you, the cars are all full." "I'll run my chance;" growled the old man. "I hate the company of brats," and out he scrambled; but even as his feet rested on the platform, the shrill whistle of the engine, and the shouting of the guard, announced that the moment of departure had arrived, and the train immediately was set in motion. Ella beheld, by the light of the lamps, her late fellow-traveller, storming and raving at being left behind.

"Thank Heaven! he is gone, my darling!" said Ella, pressing the still whining baby to her bosom. "A cross, detestable old man, he was."

Then vague fears possessed Ella, because if one of her female companions was taciturn, the other was more talkative and inquisitive than she liked; nor could she easily parry her questions, without telling some terrible falsehoods with relation to the baby, whose mother she was supposed to be.

A very little time now elapsed before the train stopped, for the tickets to be delivered at the Camden Town Station, and Ella discovered, to her unspeakable relief, that in five minutes more her journey

would be over, as far as railway travelling was concerned; and on being asked by her fellow-traveller, "if she had much farther to go?" she frankly replied that she "must put up at a hotel for the night."

"Dear me! that is a pity," said her interlocutor, "I have a sister living in Cardington Street, who will be very happy to accommodate you with a lodging." Ella, however, who had been cross-questioned rather more than she liked, replied that she was desirous to end her journey *at once*, and she laid an emphasis on the two last words, adding, "I shall proceed directly to the hotel for the night."

And in a very few minutes more she was in a comfortable apartment with her adopted child, whose fretfulness she little heeded, experiencing as she did a feeling of exquisite delight, as she clasped the stolen babe to her bosom as lovingly as if it were her own.

Before she closed her eyes in sleep she had marked out a line of conduct to be pursued on the following day; the disguise she would adopt, the name she would take, and where she would seek a lodging.

Fully conscious that no effort would be spared to trace her whereabouts, she had requested to be called at eight in the morning, and that breakfast might be served in her own room at half-past eight precisely. After a good night's rest, she arose early, dressed the baby, and, having breakfasted, went out to the Tottenham Court road, to make some purchases, having previously paid for the accommodation she had received, and told the mistress of the hotel she should send for her box during the

day, for, to avoid the chance of detection, she by no means intended to engage a cab.

Then, with the baby in her arms, she sauntered down the road in the direction of Oxford Street, and paused before a shop for the sale of mourning attire. Into this shop Ella made her way, and selected a widow's cap and bonnet, with other smaller articles required in mourning. She had put on, before leaving Ashleigh Thorpe, a Paramatta dress, which she had worn when in black for her mother, and telling the mistress of the shop that she had just arrived from the country, intending to procure her mourning in London, she obtained permission to leave her own cloak and bonnet there till called for.

Before leaving the hotel, Ella had combed out the long ringlets she usually wore, and placed her rich chestnut hair in smooth bands across her forehead, and now turning from this shop to an oculist's, she procured a pair of spectacles, and thus effectually completed her disguise.

Then, caring little which way she bent her steps in quest of lodgings, she hailed an omnibus, on the door of which she saw the words, "Elephant and Castle," she ascended the vehicle, resolved to seek apartments in that direction.

Her journey, however, turned out to be a very wearisome one. She had penetrated through many of the streets which, about the time of which we write, some twenty years ago, intersected, though not to such an extent as now, the Kensington and Walworth road, and knocked at the doors of several houses, in the windows of which

were bills, with the announcement that there were "Apartments to let;" but she was curtly refused by some, with the remark, that they could not let their apartments to any one having children; and from others she herself turned away, the amount of rent asked being more than she could pay.

At length she procured a couple of parlors, fitted-up as sitting-room and bed-room, in a certain grove running off the Kennington road, the retirement of which pleased her, and paying the first week's rent in advance, in lieu of a reference, she gave the address of the hotel at which her luggage remained, requesting that some man in the immediate neighborhood might at once be sent for it.

Then, well content with the success of her operations, she surveyed herself narrowly in the glass, and though her vanity was piqued by the change, nevertheless she could not repress a smile, at the alteration her attire, together with wearing the glasses, had made in her appearance.

The poor baby, however, was a severe sufferer by all these plots and plans. The little creature had been weaned in such a desperately sudden manner, and then dragged many miles, fed merely on a few spoonfuls of bread and milk, and was certainly looking far from well for the change.

"You were saying you must engage a girl to nurse the baby, ma'am," said the landlady, a prim, neat little body, as she bustled about, when Ella's frugal meal was ended. "I know a young person, about twenty, a country girl, who, I think, will be just the thing for

you. Shall I arrange for her to call on you, ma'am?"

"Yes," replied Ella, in a thoughtful, abstracted manner, "I do not see that I can manage baby by myself." Then she sat musingly for a few minutes, and finally said, "Let me see the young woman as soon as possible."

Then, when Ella was again alone, the cause of her abstraction was apparent, for she drew from her pocket the purse containing all the small stock of worldly wealth she could call her own till another three months should elapse; and when she remembered that, in addition to her last quarter's income, she had been able to add to it nearly the whole of the amount of a former quarter, in consequence of her lengthened visit at Ashleigh Thorpe, she felt somewhat startled, as she reckoned up what she had already expended in travelling and change of dress.

"I must find work, that is certain," she said, and a sigh escaped her as she spoke. "Yes, it will be a great additional expense; but I cannot employ myself in any way, and nurse my darling at the same time. Dear child," she continued, speaking aloud, "he is the only joy and comfort of my life."

It did not need much reckoning up, or any great powers of calculation, to make it apparent that Ella had started off at the rate of two pounds a week instead of one, if indeed she could manage on a simple hundred a year. She sat for a long while in a dreamy, musing way, marking down figures on the paper before her at random, as it were, playing idly with her pen, or looking at vacancy. Finally she

rose, rung the bell, and requested that a copy of *The Times* should be sent for, and supplied to her daily until further notice.

Then, when brought to her, she ran her eye carefully over its advertising columns, and selecting three from persons requiring "daily governesses," she at once wrote to the advertisers.

In the evening, a clean, healthy-looking young woman made her appearance, and Ella (Mrs. Darvil) as she now called herself, engaged her at once as nurse to the baby. She proved unsuccessful in her applications, and at length decided on advertising herself; and without any very long delay obtained a situation as daily governess, in the new suburb of Brixton, at a salary of one guinea a week.

She had entailed upon herself endless difficulties by the abduction of the poor infant, as well as much hard work; and one way or another lived more poorly than formerly on her small stipend of fifty pounds a year. Still she never for one moment entertained a regret for the step she had taken.

CHAPTER V.

KATHLEEN.

"THEN it is settled, definitely settled, that I am to return home next week."

"Yes, my dear child. Mother Prioress sees no benefit to be gained in any further delay. You have yourself heard what the doctor has said; probably your native air may restore you to health. Any way, you must remember it is God's will that you should return to the world. We have done all that was in our power, and still your health con-

tinues so weak that we dare not admit you to your Religious Profession."

Thus spoke the Mistress of Novices of one of the English Convents, to one whom we introduced in the opening chapter in our tale, Kathleen Fitz Maurice. "I am very sorry to leave you all; very sorry to have to return to the world," she murmured, while the tears stood in her eyes. "Mother Prioress is right; as this decision is resolved upon, the sooner I leave the better."

It is a very sad thing for a young woman who has a real, honest, sincere, earnest desire to leave the world, to be forced back upon it again. I am not alluding to the vast number of young ladies, who rush in a moment of blind enthusiasm into a convent, to try their religious vocation, as the term goes, but of the few here and there, who believe, in the sincerity of their souls, that they are called to a life of retirement; and I cannot well conceive a greater disaster, or one more imminent to their future happiness, than for such as these to be thrown back upon a world they had imagined they had forever left.

Such was the condition of Kathleen. In the midst of her zeal, she had proposed to make a vow always to lead a single life if she could enter no other cloister. This vow was wisely forbidden to be made by the prudent discretion of him in whose hands she would have made it; but the poor girl was so earnest, that during the long years that intervened between her leaving the convent, and her finally giving up all idea of a religious state, she

no more dreamed of breaking her resolution than she would have broken her vow had she made it, and consequently she could not bring herself to accept an eligible offer of marriage, made by a well-to-do chemist, in Dublin. Those years, too, had been years of great trial, but she became happy at last by the remembrance that God so willed it; and by her perception of duty, and the necessity of self-sacrifice, she came at last to the conviction that her mission was cast in the world; then she set herself to work, and never again pined after that sweet Elysium which is the lot of the favored few whom God hath *really* called to the cloister.

Just before Kathleen returned home, Mr. Fitz Maurice had written that he should join his family in Dublin, and thither she proceeded with her mother and younger sister, her father having obtained an appointment in a mercantile house. For some time things wore a brighter aspect; but alas! for the endurance of earthly happiness,

only a few months elapsed when her father was seized with a sudden illness, which terminated in his death; leaving behind him a sickly widow, his son Robert, at that time holding a situation in a merchant's office; Kathleen, then twenty-eight years old; and her younger sister, Helen, who was some eight years her junior.

Even in her long hours of sickness, the energy of character which Kathleen possessed was brought strikingly forward. Nature had made her an artist, and though little more than self-taught, she nevertheless produced sketches far above what may be termed of a mediocre quality, and which being sold by her mother, prevented her from being a burden on her family.

Blessed with a strong constitution, she eventually struggled through her illness, and devoting herself entirely to the task of teaching, she managed to struggle on in that state of genteel poverty which is just a little raised above the horrors of downright want.

(To be continued.)

LIFE.

How frail men, things! how momentary both!
 Fantastic chase, of shadows hunting shades!
 The gay, the busy, equal, though unlike;
 Equal in wisdom, differently wise!
 Through flowery meadows, and through dreary wastes,
 One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
 There is not a day but, to the man of thought,
 Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
 On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

REFUTATION OF CALUMNIES ON CATHOLIC CIVILIZATION.

NUMBER ONE.

CATHOLICS are frequently assailed with some such questions as these: "If Catholicity is from God, and is the only true Gospel, how is it that the political and social condition of Catholic countries is often so degraded? How is it that while freedom, commerce, and national power have attained so glorious a height, for example, in Protestant England, Catholic Spain, on the other hand, is a prey to factions, tyranny, and general decay? How is it that Naples is an effete despotism, and Sardinia, or the so-called Italian Kingdom, is disturbed with conflicts between Church and State? Above all how is it that the Romans themselves, where the Pope and Cardinals generally have it all their own way, are a feeble, dirty, frivolous race, submitting unwillingly to the rule of ecclesiastics? To put the whole question in a sentence: if Protestantism is wrong, and Catholicity is right, why is the civilization of Catholic countries inferior to that enjoyed by Protestants?" How repeatedly the facts thus assumed, thus embodied, are thrust upon the public, we need not linger to show. Like many other apparently forcible arguments produced by ill-humored gentlemen, the reproach thus conveyed is based on a gross perversion and misstatement of facts. The supposed general contrast between the social and political condition of

Catholic and Protestant nations has no real existence whatever. We have no wish to overstate our own case. We do not pretend that in promoting the mere temporal civilization of mankind, Catholicity is far ahead of Protestantism. We have no preconceived theory to defend. We shrink from none of the truths of history. We do not wish to argue from a misrepresentation of facts, nor from partisan statements. We ask for the whole facts of the case; for nothing less, and for nothing more. And taking the whole, and not merely this or that isolated illustration of a favorite view, we repeat, that the popular sectarian notion of the general inferiority of society in Catholic countries, as compared with its civilization in Protestant countries, is utterly without foundation in historical truth.

As we now come into the world, we find a state of society completely formed, matured, and advanced in a manner to its old age; we there meet with a system of government of institutions, of laws, of habits, and of maxims, adopted and acted upon. We do not condescend to inquire how these different systems cling together; we do not think of asking in what order they have been established; we are even ignorant of the successive influence they have had on our civilization, and which they continue to exert on our pub-

lic morals and the general spirit of the times. We insist that it would be most fallacious to raise any argument on such a subject, on the facts of a single year or a single generation. What Catholicity or Protestantism does for a people, must be ascertained by observing what it does in the long run, and not what it does within the space of some twenty, fifty, or even a hundred years. It may suit the convenience of an anti-catholic controversialist to limit the question to one or two countries on each side, and to their relative condition at this present moment alone; but we cannot conceive that any fair-minded person, whose sole desire is truth, would consciously be entrapped into so delusive a means of bringing the question to a solution. It is all very well for a fierce partisan newspaper or speech-maker to pit England of to-day against the Naples of to-day; but it is monstrous to assume that the contrast between a few generations of one country and a few generations of another country can embrace the real bearings of a subject which includes not less than thirteen centuries, and the destinies of entire continents. At the very outset, therefore, we refuse to be bound by any such preposterous mutilation of history as that which is implied in the limitation of the question to a few selected cases, or a few short years. We insist on carrying back the investigation to that period when Europe began to rise from the desolation produced by the fall of the Roman Empire, and when her religion was undeniably and universally Catholic. We start from that day of desolation and social

disorganization, when the decay of imperial Rome had tempted the northern barbarians to seek in her territories a prey as easy as it was magnificent; when society seemed altogether to resolve itself into its primitive elements; when the old Pagan civilization was crushed forever, and ignorance, violence, and every odious passion, seemed to divide between them the empire of humanity. At that time there was only one idea of Christianity existing among those who called themselves by the name of Christ. A religion without a visible Church, and a visible Church without Bishops, and Bishops without a Pope, was a thing unknown and unheard of. Christianity was a religion of sacraments, masses, image veneration, cloistered life, and every other supposed corruption, to which the decay of Catholic states is so popularly imputed. Moreover the priesthood were then the dominant class, so far as the powers of the intellect can confer absolute sway upon one social class over all others. Further still, that intellectual power measured its strength against the savage demonstrations of brute force, and it conquered. The victory of the priestly intellect over the strong arm of kings and nobles, was no mere matter of speculation as to the truth of the modern saying, that "*knowledge is power.*" The prelates of the middle ages put the theory to a trial; and it was found true, while all humanity rejoiced in the result. It was seen that if the gift of cultivation, even in a slight degree, be conferred on ecclesiastics, and they are called into conflict with the fiery passions and armed hosts of secular sover-

eigns, the power of animal strength licks the dust before the knowledge of the priesthood, though the former be counted by hundreds, and the latter by units. Here then was a fair illustration of the natural tendencies of Catholicity to advance or impede secular civilization. The Church had it all its own way, and how did it use the unexampled opportunity? Let the records of centuries reply. From the year when the last successor of Augustus fell with the last remains of Roman greatness and cultivation, let the history of Europe bear witness to the deeds of Catholicity, when it stood alone among men. Is there a question, a doubt, the shadow of a doubt, as to the testimony of the thousand years between the fall of Rome and the commencement of Protestantism? During all that long and often weary period, who but the Church civilized the human race? Amidst the crash of kingdoms, the mingling of races, the creation of new political relations, while the old landmarks were swept away, and the old barriers against reckless passion crumbled into dust, with scarcely a trace of an elder civilization to reward the researches of an antiquary, and scarcely a tradition of old Roman grandeur to rouse the Church to rivalry; while the world stormed upon her from without, and intrigued within her fold; while often her own children proved corrupt; while angry controversies raged among her learned men; while clergymen too often violated her laws or sold themselves to the interests of the secular power; while the riches of the world were at length poured into

her lap, and she was tempted to subside into that luxurious indolence which had proved the ruin of the old imperial dominion; amidst all this, the ceaseless progress of the human intelligence, and the foundation of all present political freedom, under the direct guidance of Catholic ecclesiastics, are as clearly to be seen, as the progress of the sun in the heavens from east to west in his diurnal journey. "*The Church (says Macaulay) has been many times compared to that ark of which we read in the book of Genesis; but never was the resemblance more perfect than during that evil time when she alone rode, amid darkness and tempest, on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that seed from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring.*" Fifteen hundred years ago Attila ravaged the Roman Empire. He filled the countries he had depopulated with barbarism; he could not replace the edifices he had overthrown, nor the works of literature he had annihilated, nor the sciences he had extinguished. Who then filled the world with every ornament till modern scourges renewed the Gothic work of destruction? Who multiplied copies of the classics, and thus saved the elegance of antiquity from oblivion? Who rediscovered the lost sciences of the ancients, and added others to the stock? Who cultivated the arts which rendered life refined, and communicated knowledge gratuitously to all who wished to learn? Was it not the Catholic Church? Can any one say that in the most

pressing times these things were done by others than the ministers of a religion which has evangelized the world? From the hard labor of the ploughman to the elegant toil of the sculptor, the sons of the Church exerted their strength and talents. Their patronage, their manual aid, and their wealth were bestowed alike on the useful and the ornamental sciences: and what imperial prowess had not dared to do, ecclesiastics did. They fixed themselves in the barren desert and among rocky mountains, in arid sands and noisome fens, subdued sterility, and tamed the dreary wilderness. They did more; they overcame the barbarian not only in his native land, but in his heart.

The whole foundation of social welfare and all the elements of true civilization have been created, preserved, and extended only by the Church, which, as the canons of many councils prove, has ever protected the weak, resisted despotism, aided the secular administration of justice, repressed predatory warfare, and shielded from violence defenceless woman, the helpless child, the trader, and the traveller. Pagan antiquity, like modern utilitarianism, disburdened itself of the unfortunate portion of its population by two expedients, viz., infanticide and slavery, but from the earliest ages the Church devoted her solicitude to the spiritual and the bodily relief of the necessitous. As soon as she emerged from the catacombs, her course, like her divine Founder, was marked by monuments of beneficence. Hospitals, orphanages, asylums for poverty and old age, also popular schools, sprang up wherever she was able to

establish her peaceful and benignant sway. Read history coming from the hands of impartial witnesses, even those outside the Church, such as Alison, Hallam, Sismondi, and you will find that representative government, municipal institutions, an equal administration of justice, the arts, literature in all its branches, the discoveries of unknown parts of the world, various conveniences for the facilities of commerce and social intercourse, such as roads and bridges, even the elements of those purely physical sciences which are the especial boast of Protestants, everything had its rise and was cultivated with untiring zeal by the devoted children of the Church, and under their undisputed sway. Without the aid of the printing press, without the casual adoption of means suitable to meet new and increasing wants, and forming links in the chain of material progress from cotton to machinery, from coal to steam power, with no stimulus of Protestant rivalry to excite them, with no poverty to force them to intellectual toils for the sake of their bread, they laid the foundations of the entire structure of modern civilization. We have nothing which we do not in some measure owe to the Church, as it existed before the Reformation or religious revolution of the sixteenth century. With such a history before him, a reasonable inquirer cannot deny the direct tendencies of Catholicity to the highest possible cultivation of the human mind, and to the promotion of social order. Surely this one fact alone decides the question.

If some Catholic countries since

the Reformation have fallen behind in the race of materialistic progress, is it not obvious that such a result must be imputed to the operation of certain disturbing influences not religious in their nature? Whatever be the decadence at present of Spain or Naples, the facts of ten centuries cannot be destroyed; for the true causes that have produced the decline of Catholic powers we must look elsewhere than to the imaginary paralyzing operation of what is rudely and

maliciously nicknamed popery. If Catholicity for one thousand years, during which it stood alone, produced the most beneficial influence on civilization; if during that time the Catholic Church alone actually created the modern life whose benefits we now enjoy, the conclusion is inevitable, that the recent decay of the social system in some few Catholic nations must be sought elsewhere than in the dogmas and discipline of the Church. This we will show again in a future number.

CURIOSITIES OF CHINA.

ANYTHING relating to China, in the way of curious or authentic information, is likely to have a measure of interest for the generality of readers. To say nothing of our present political and commercial connections with that country, its customs and most ordinary characteristics are so peculiar, and in such striking contrast with the forms of Western civilization, that they can hardly be contemplated, even in description, without affording us much both of instruction and entertainment. China is as yet but very imperfectly known to us; and, indeed, a great deal of what has hitherto passed for knowledge can now be shown to be a flagrant misconception. Thus, when we hear that the Chinese prepare dishes with castor-oil, and that some of their favorite dainties are fish-gizzards, peacocks' combs, and other similar delicacies, we must not accept the statement with an

over-ready credulity, as it is certain that no such dishes have ever been met with by any one who had made acquaintance with Chinese cookery elsewhere than in the neighborhood of the English factories at Canton; and that, even if they were ever met with there, the likelihood is that some of the Canton merchants had invented them expressly for the purpose of quizzing novices in their country who were more credulous than discriminating. All the vulgar errors of this description, as well as many others equally unfounded and more important, have been recently corrected by an accomplished French clergyman, whose published work on the Chinese Empire* is in the highest degree valuable and interesting. M. Huc, the author, spent no less than fourteen years

* The Chinese Empire. By M. Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China. 2 vols.

of his life in various parts of China as a Roman Catholic missionary, and after passing some time in Tartary and Thibet—of which countries he formerly favored us with an intelligent account—he returned to the Celestial Empire, and was conducted across the country under the immediate protection of the emperor—travelling in all the pomp of a high government functionary, attended by mandarins and a military escort, from the frontiers of Thibet to the city of Canton. During this journey, he was brought into constant and intimate relation with persons of the highest rank in the country; and having previously, while laboring in his vocation, been in habits of familiar intercourse with the poor, he enjoyed the opportunity of seeing and observing all the different phases and conditions of the social and domestic life of the Chinese people, and is able to report of the general character and peculiarities of their curious civilization. The information he gives us concerning the institutions, religion, manners, and customs of this extraordinary country, have not been taken on hearsay from the accounts of others, but are gathered from his personal experience and observation; and his manner of communicating his knowledge is perhaps the pleasantest conceivable, there being nothing in the shape of formal dissertation, but everything of which he takes occasion to inform us being presented in the way of agreeable digression, at suitable intervals of the narrative of his journey, without materially interrupting its interest or connection.

The Flowery People would seem,

indeed, to be extremely unsusceptible of new ideas in relation to religion, even though they have for the most part ceased to attach any significance to the dogmas and practices of their national faith. They are observers of forms and ceremonies, with little belief in their efficacy. As an instance, let us quote a passage descriptive of the method whereby the Chinese seek to obtain rain in times of drought: "When these droughts are prolonged, and occasion any fears for the harvest, it is customary for the mandarin of the district to make a proclamation, prescribing the most rigorous abstinence. Neither fermented liquors, meat of any kind, fish, eggs, nor animal food of any description, is allowable; nothing is to be eaten but vegetables. Every housekeeper has to fasten over his door strips of yellow paper, on which are printed some formulas of invocation, and the image of the Dragon of Rain. If Heaven is deaf to this kind of supplication, collections are made, and scaffolds erected, for the performance of superstitious dramas; and, as a last resource, they organize a burlesque and extravagant procession, in which an immense dragon, made of wood or paper, is carried about to the sound of infernal music. Sometimes it happens that, do what they will, the dragon is obstinate, and will not give rain, and then the prayers are changed into curses: he who was before surrounded with honors is insulted, reviled, and torn to pieces by his rebellious worshippers. It is related that under Kia-King, fifth emperor of the Mantchoo-Tartar dynasty, a long drought had

desolated several provinces of the north; but as, notwithstanding numerous processions, the dragon persisted in not sending rain, the indignant emperor launched against him a thundering edict, and condemned him to perpetual exile on the borders of the river Ili, in the province of Torgot. The sentence was about to be executed, and the criminal was proceeding with touching resignation to cross the deserts of Tartary, and undergo his punishment on the frontiers of Turkestan, when the supreme courts of Peking, touched with compassion, went in a body to throw themselves at the feet of the emperor, and ask pardon for the poor fiend. His imperial majesty then deigned to revoke the sentence, and a courier was sent off at full gallop to carry the news to the executors of the imperial decree. The dragon was reinstated in his functions, but only on condition that in future he would acquit himself of them a little better. Do the Chinese of our days, it will be asked, really put faith in such monstrous practices? Not the least in the world. All this is merely an external and completely lying demonstration. The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire observe these ancient superstitions without at all believing in them. What was done in times past, they continue to do in the present day, but solely because their ancestors did so; and what their ancestors have established, they are always unwilling to change."

It will thus be seen that the Chinese are as expert in the art of shamming as people known to us nearer home, who perhaps are not so much entitled to excuse. A

similar disingenuousness pervades their habits of etiquette and politeness, abundant illustrations of which are presented in these volumes. Take as a sufficient sample the following description of a hospitable man: "During the time when we were at our northern mission, we were witnesses of a most curious fact, which was wonderfully characteristic of the Chinese. It was one of our festival-days, and we were to celebrate the holy Sacrifice of the Mass at the house of the first catechist, where there was a tolerably large chapel, to which the Christians of the neighboring villages were in the habit of coming in great numbers. After the ceremony, the master of the house posted himself in the middle of the court, and began to call to the Christians who were leaving the chapel: 'Don't let anybody go away; to-day, I invite every one to eat rice in my house.' And then he ran from one group to another, urging them to stay; but every one alleged some reason or other for going, and went. The courteous host appeared quite distressed; at last he spied a cousin of his, who had almost reached the door, and rushed towards him, saying: 'What, cousin! are you going too? Impossible! this is a holiday, and you really must stop.' 'No,' said the other; 'do not press me, I have business at home that I must attend to.' 'Business! what, to-day—a day of rest! Absolutely you shall stop; I won't let you go.' And he seized the cousin's robe, and tried to bring him back by main force, while the desired guest struggled as well as he could, and sought to prove that his business

was too pressing to allow of his remaining. 'Well,' said the host at last, 'since you positively cannot stay to eat rice, we must at least drink a few glasses of wine together. I should be quite ashamed if my cousin went away from my house without taking anything.' 'Well,' replied the cousin, 'it don't take much to drink a glass of wine;' and he turned back. They re-entered the house, and sat down in the company-room. The master then called in a loud voice, though without appearing to address any one in particular: 'Heat some wine, and fry two eggs.'

"In the meantime, till the hot wine and fried eggs should arrive, the two lighted their pipes, and began to gossip; and then they lit and smoked again, but the wine and eggs did not make their appearance. The cousin, who most likely really had some business, at last ventured to inquire of his hospitable entertainer how long he thought it would be before the wine was ready. 'Wine!' replied the host—'wine! Have we got any wine here? Don't you know very well that I never drink wine? It hurts my stomach.' 'In that case,' said the cousin, 'surely you might have let me go. Why did you press me to stay?' Hereupon the master of the mansion rose, and assumed an attitude of lofty indignation. 'Upon my word,' said he 'anybody might know what country you come from! What! I have the politeness to invite you to drink wine, and you have not even the politeness to refuse! Where, in the world, have you learned your rights? Among the Mongols, I should think.' And the poor cousin, understanding that

he had been guilty of a terrible solecism, stammered some words of apology, and, filling his pipe once more, departed. We were ourselves present at this delightful little scene; and as soon as the cousin was gone, the least we could do was to have a good laugh; but the master of the house did not laugh, he was indignant. He asked us whether we had ever seen such an ignorant, stupid, absurd man as his cousin; and he returned always to his grand principle—that is to say, that a well-bred man will always render politeness for politeness; and that one ought kindly to refuse what another kindly offers; 'Otherwise,' he cried 'what would become of us?'"

Our traveller was for some days laid up with a serious illness at Kuen-kiang-hien, in the province of Houpé, and on his recovery, was politely shown the handsome coffin which the authorities had prepared for him in the event of his decease. The reader will most likely be surprised to learn, that a provision of this sort is an actual Chinese compliment! Let him read, and admit for once that there is a novelty under the sun.

"In no other country than China, perhaps, could men be heard exchanging compliments on the subject of a coffin. People are mostly shy of mentioning the lugubrious objects destined to contain the mortal remains of a relation or friend; and when death does enter the house, the coffin is got in in secrecy and silence, in order to spare the feelings of the mourning family. But it is quite otherwise in China; there, a coffin is simply an article of the first necessity to

the dead, and of luxury and fancy to the living. In the great towns you see them displayed in the shops, with all sorts of tasteful decorations, painted and varnished, and polished and trimmed up to attract the eyes of passengers, and give them the fancy to buy themselves one. People in easy circumstances, who have money to spare for their pleasures, scarcely ever fail to provide themselves beforehand with a coffin to their own taste, and which they consider becoming; and until the moment arrives for lying down in it, it is kept in the house, not as an article of immediate necessity, but as one that cannot fail to be consoling and pleasant to the eye in a nicely furnished apartment.

“For well-brought-up children, it is a favorable method of expressing the fervor of their filial piety towards the authors of their being—a sweet and tender consolation for the heart of a son, to be able to purchase a beautiful coffin for an aged father or mother, and come in state to present the gift at the moment when they least expect such an agreeable surprise. If one is not sufficiently favored by fortune to be able to afford the purchase of a coffin in advance, care is always taken that before ‘saluting the world,’ as the Chinese say, a sick person shall at least have the satisfaction of casting a glance at his last abode; and if he is surrounded by at all affectionate relations, they never fail to buy him a coffin, and place it by the side of his bed.

“In the country, this is not always so easy, for coffins are not kept quite ready, and, besides, peasants have not such luxurious habits as townspeople. The only

way, then, is to send for the carpenter of the place, who takes measure of the sick person, not forgetting to observe to him that it must be made a little longer than would seem necessary, because one always stretches out a little when one’s dead. A bargain is then made concerning the length and the breadth, and especially the cost; wood is brought, and the workmen set about their task in the yard close to the chamber of the dying person, who is entertained with the music of the saw and the other tools while death is at work within him, preparing him to occupy the snug abode when it is ready.

“All this is done with the most perfect coolness, and without the slightest emotion, real or affected. We have ourselves witnessed such scenes more than once, and it has always been one of the things that most surprised us in the manners of this extraordinary country. A short time after our arrival at the mission in the north, we were walking one day in the country with a Chinese seminarist, who had the patience to reply to all our long and tedious questions about the men and things of the Celestial Empire. Whilst we were keeping up the dialogue as well as we could in a mixture of Latin and Chinese, using a word of one or the other as we found occasion, we saw coming towards us a rather numerous crowd, who advanced in an orderly manner along a narrow path. It might have been called a procession. Our first impulse was to turn aside, and get into some safe corner behind a large hill; for not having as yet much experience in the manners and customs of the Chinese, we had some hesi-

tation in producing ourselves, for fear of being recognized and thrown into prison—possibly, even condemned and strangled. Our seminarist, however, reassured us, and declared that we might continue our walk without any fear. The crowd had now come up with us, and we stood aside to let it pass. It was composed of a great number of villagers, who looked at us with smiling faces, and had the appearance of being uncommonly pleased. After them came a litter, on which was borne an empty coffin, and then another litter, upon which lay extended a dying man wrapped in blankets. His face was haggard and livid, and his expiring eyes were fixed upon the coffin that preceded him. When every one had passed, we hastened to ask the meaning of this strange procession. ‘It is some sick man,’ said the seminarist, ‘who has been taken ill in a neighboring village, and whom they are bringing home to his family. The Chinese do not like to die away from their own house.’ ‘That is very natural; but what is the coffin for?’ ‘For the sick man, who probably has not many days to live. They seem to have made everything ready for his funeral. I remarked by the side of the coffin a piece of white linen, that they mean to use for the mourning.’

“These words threw us into the most profound astonishment, and we saw then that we had come into a new world—into the midst of a people whose ideas and feelings differed widely from those of other countries. These men quietly setting about to prepare for the funeral of a still living friend and relation; this coffin placed purposely under

the eyes of a dying man, doubtless with the purpose of doing what was agreeable to him: all this plunged us into a strange reverie, and the walk was continued in silence.”

Here we have certainly an instance of unexampled eccentricity; and many others might be quoted from these volumes which are nearly as extraordinary. The next quotation, which must be our last, may serve to illustrate the state of the mechanical arts in China as regards the regulation and measurement of time. Few persons, who have never visited the country, are likely to have heard before of a cat being turned to account as a household clock—which seems, however, to be the case in China. “One day,” says our author, “when we went to pay a visit to some families of Chinese Christian peasants, we met, near a farm, a young lad who was taking a buffalo to graze along our path. We asked him carelessly, as we passed, whether it was yet noon. The child raised his head to look at the sun, but it was hidden behind thick clouds, and he could read no answer there. ‘The sky is so cloudy,’ said he, ‘but wait a moment;’ and with these words he ran towards the farm, and came back a few minutes afterwards with a cat in his arms. ‘Look here,’ said he, ‘it is not noon yet;’ and he showed us the cat’s eyes, by pushing up the lids with his hands. We looked at the child with surprise, but he was evidently in earnest: and the cat, though astonished, and not much pleased at the experiment made on her eyes, behaved with the most exemplary complaisance. ‘Very well,’ said we, ‘thank you;’ and he then let go the cat,

which made her escape pretty quickly, and we continued our route. To say the truth, we had not at all understood the proceeding; but we did not wish to question the little pagan, lest he should find out that we were Europeans by our ignorance. As soon as ever we reached the farm, however, we made haste to ask our Christians whether they could tell the clock by looking into a cat's eyes. They seemed surprised at the question; but as there was no danger in confessing to them our ignorance of the properties of the cat's eyes, we related what had just taken place. That was all that was necessary; our complaisant neophytes immediately gave chase to all the cats in the neighborhood. They brought us three or four, and explained in what manner they might be made use of for watches. They pointed out that the pupil of their eyes went on constantly growing narrower until twelve o'clock, when they became like a fine line, as thin as a hair, drawn perpendicular across the eye; and that after twelve, the dilatation recommenced. When we had attentively examined the eyes of all the cats at our disposal, we con-

cluded that it was past noon, as all the eyes perfectly agreed upon the point. We have had some hesitation in speaking of this Chinese discovery, as it may doubtless tend to injure the interests of the clock-making trade, and interfere with the sale of watches; but all considerations must give way to the spirit of progress. All important discoveries tend, in the first instance, to injure private interests; and we hope, nevertheless, that watches will continue to be made, because, among the number of persons who may wish to know the hour, there will most likely be some who will not give themselves the trouble to run after the cat, or who may fear some danger to their own eyes from too close an examination of hers."

We have not attempted to give any outline of M. Huc's narrative, nor any analysis of the mass of interesting and curious information he has accumulated respecting the history, institutions, and present social circumstances of the Empire, since, in our necessarily contracted space, we could not possibly convey any complete idea of the extent and value of his researches.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

BLESSED be the God who made
 Sun and moon, and light and shade,
 Balmy wind and fruitful shower,
 Forest tree and meadow flower,
 And the heart to feel and love
 All the joys that round us move.

OUR NINETEENTH CENTURY AND ITS RELIGION.

WHEN the wisest of men said "there is nothing new under the sun," could he have directed his prophetic vision to our enlightened age? Could he have seen the great improvements, the perfection in the arts and sciences to which we have attained? In navigation, in commerce, in shipbuilding, in warlike accoutrements and in naval equipments; in the facilities of intercourse both by sea and by land; in all the appliances of domestic comfort, are we not unmeasurably ahead of Solomon and his forefathers? We travel a thousand miles now in a shorter time and with more comfort than our ancestors did a hundred; we traverse the ocean with as much facility as they did any arm of the sea, or any inland lake. By the invention of steam navigation and the great improvements recently made therein, we have almost succeeded in annihilating time and space. We have brought the whole world into close and intimate correspondence. The old and new worlds once separated by an almost impassable gulf are now brought into telegraphic contact.

All these and many others are the triumphs of modern art and science, and yet we are not satisfied with the progress hitherto made, but push on to greater conquests. We are determined to verify in our day the Solomonic declaration, that after us, there will be nothing new or undiscovered under the sun. In fact, this nineteenth century of ours has become so progressive, that it

applies its principle and doctrine of progress to religion and to heavenly things; and herein lies the great error of our day, the grievous mistake we are making.

That this tendency to bring down the noble and sublime truths of religion to the low level of mere earthly knowledge is entirely wrong, nobody, not even the century itself, if it were conscious of what it is doing, will deny. That this tendency is fraught with danger, and that it has already produced the most lamentable consequences, a mere glance at the leading features of modern society will be sufficient to prove. We cannot explain in any other way the extensive prevalence of unbelief amongst us; nor can we otherwise account for the mischievous theories which have been broached and received with favor, if not with avidity by large masses of our population. Here is surely something wrong somewhere, and we will endeavor to point out briefly the wrong and its remedy.

The wrong lies precisely where we have located it: in the vain attempt to estimate heavenly things by a mere earthly standard; the remedy consists in a counter movement, embracing a return to sounder principles of reasoning. Religion is something apart from and unmeasurably above mere human speculation and knowledge. It is the embodiment of the Divine wisdom of principles and truths unfolding the nature and attributes of God and His manifestations to

his creatures I know, and to estimate aright the things of God, we must have God himself for our teacher, or at least some one authorized and commissioned by him to teach us in his name and with his unerring truth. Any other teacher would be wholly incompetent for the task; because any other might be mistaken, and might mislead us fatally. The truths of religion rest not on earthly speculation, or theory, or science; they rest on a fact: that God himself has so declared and so spoken in His revelation to man. Such is the principle upon which alone we can learn religion aright and with certainty. To attempt to learn it in any other way would betray a woful ignorance of the first elements of religion, and would mislead us in a thousand ways.

To pretend that we can find out what religion is by mere unaided human reason is the error of our times. Our philosophers would fain make the immense and boundless and unfathomable ocean of God's truth pass through the narrow and shallow basin of their own reason. They apply the principles of human science to religion with as much confidence as they apply algebra and geometry. With them religion is to be estimated only by human knowledge. The inflated doctrine of human progress is the starting-point; religion is the conclusion reached. Science is everything, religion almost nothing; at least, science is the principal thing, religion is but a secondary consideration, an adjunct, a corollary.

Those things in religion are readily admitted which human science can understand or demon-

strate; those are rejected which science is pleased to reject. Whatsoever doctrines of revelation appear to them to promote human knowledge and to aid human progress, are received with applause; whatever wars against human pride, is painful to sensuality, is humbling to reason, is rejected with scorn. Mysteries cannot be fathomed; therefore they are rejected. It matters not that there are thousands of mysteries in the world we live in; it matters not how strong may be the evidence of the fact that God has revealed mysteries; they must not be accepted, because they are unintelligible. Thus certain astronomers cannot prove the existence of God mathematically, therefore they conclude that his existence at best is only problematical. Thus certain *Christian* philosophers cannot understand the nature or reality of the revelations touching the Divinity, Incarnation, Atonement, and the Real Presence, therefore these must be rejected.

Here is the error of this poor enlightened century of ours, which begins at the wrong end of the argument and reasons backwards from itself to God; from earth to heaven. We fear that after all we are not making progress in the right direction. Like the builders of Babel, we find ourselves now unable to understand what our neighbors are saying. The inflated philosophy of the day is a horrible jargon—a sad jumble of contradictory theories and speculations. Atheists, Deists, Materialists, Pantheists, Rationalists, Eclectics, Transcendentalists, Fourierists, Socialists, Mesmerists, and a thousand other jarring elements, com-

pose the conglomeration which the nineteenth century calls its religion.

Perhaps the most fashionable absurdities of the day are Pantheism, Eclecticism, and Transcendentalism. These three systems are but a revival, under new and witching forms, of very old systems of Pagan philosophy, long since consigned to the tomb. Pantheism is but a new form of Platonism, which consisted in deifying the world, making matter an idol, and worshipping the creature rather than the creator. Eclecticism, like itself in the days of Cicero, gathers together the best parts of all religions, or, in other words, attempts to harmonize contradictions. Transcendentalism is nothing but grandiloquent and unmeaning verbiage, which could be tolerated only when the intellectual and philosophic atmosphere of an age has become so hazy and foggy, that the bright sun of truth is almost concealed from the eye of the simple-minded beholder.

And yet our poor century tells us, as an apology for these never-ending and ever-changing theories, that this is an age of enlightenment and progress. Nonsense! Is the heaping of absurdity on absurdity, the adding of vagary to vagary, any evidence of enlightenment and progress? But this is the age of mental liberty and of free inquiry in everything, from the humblest to the highest regions of philosophy and religion! Is there then no difference between rational liberty and the licentiousness of the intellect?

What benefit or truths have our boasting philosophers done for their century? They have given

us nothing, and they have destroyed the little religion left in Protestantism. Once our country had some religion, and such as it was it was at least better than nothing. Now Protestantism is cursed and blighted by the same evils which have ruined philosophy, and their ends have sprung from the same polluted fountain of private judgment in its search after progress. Look at the children of the steadfast Puritans. What is Boston but the paradise of Infidels; the great centre of Universalism, Unitarianism, Fourierism, Transcendentalism? The startling fact is proved by the latest census returns that of our adult population over twenty-one years of age, more than half belong to no religious denomination whatever. That is, that more than half of our grown population is composed either of downright unbelievers or of persons indifferent on the subject of religion, or, at least, of those that have not yet made up their minds as to the sect they mean to embrace.

Protestantism, falling in with the spirit of the age, now employs against Catholicity the self-same arguments which the Infidel uses against Christianity itself. Once the appeal was made to the Scriptures, but the Bible no longer guides Protestantism. The doctrine of the Eucharist is unreasonable, absurd; therefore it must be rejected. The Confessional is too humiliating; away with it! The Church claims authority over men, it is an enemy of progress; therefore put it down! This is precisely the arguments of the progressionists.

Now let us see how our great

century is to be bettered religiously. We must first try to clear up her idea about progress and enlightenment so far as it applies to religion. She is right in making as much progress as she can in all material and earthly matters. We bid her Godspeed in her efforts to make science perfect, and art incomparable, and steam omnipotent, and politics immaculate. But in this sphere alone must she labor. She cannot bring her ideas of progress into religion. That is perfect already. No man can improve on God's work. There can be no progress where the goal is already reached.

And that goal and perfection in

religion is the Catholic Church. If nothing else proved it, this fact alone, that she recognizes no perfection in faith, no improvement in doctrines, no "developments in scientific religion," proves that she is divine, for her idea of God, and of religion, and of heavenly things is divine, is not of earth, is not like men's notions about it. And we trust and think that our progressive age will come to see this sooner or later, and will adopt as a religion the Catholic faith, which is always one and perfect, because needing no progress, and, therefore, the best suited for an age which is itself determined to reach perfection.

RETIREMENT.

A SHADY and sequestered spot,
 To meditate alone,
 Where foot of man approacheth not,
 Untrodden, and unknown ;

A little brook to sing to me ;
 Some simple flower, to smile ;
 The shelter of a spreading tree ;
 The gales of heaven the while

To fan me as they murmur near :
 These would I ne'er resign,
 To call the proudest portion here,
 With all its glory, mine.

Poor world! thou art a generous soul,
 All selfish though thou be,
 To sip the froth of pleasure's bowl,
 And leave the draught to me.

THE WANTS OF THE PRESENT AGE IN REGARD TO EDUCATION.

SECOND PAPER.

FROM the schools little was to be expected, and other sources of inspiration were worn out. The comfortable regularity which society had then attained, required no extraordinary activity for the performance of the daily business of life. Commerce had lost its romance, with the gloss of novelty. Distant voyages had become a thing of course. The boundless riches of the East and West had shrunk into their natural dimensions. In the department of money-getting, plain and unvarnished prose had regained its accustomed supremacy. In other matters the case was still worse. Through a wide extent Christianity had lost its influence. The Bible itself had now become a thing of form. The sects and factions of the religious revolution insured its discredit. It had now become a thing to argue upon, a thing to sneer at, but it had in great measure ceased to be an object of faith. In the highest matters of spiritual life, a gloomy, or what was still more fatal, a laughing, frivolous, self-confident skepticism had installed itself. It was not merely that Christianity was *disbelieved*, as some men have disbelieved it, with reverence, with pain, with regret, its grandeur acknowledged and felt;—it was despised. The Bible was looked upon, in the earlier half of the last century, as a collection of old wives' fables, during the perusal of which no man could command his coun-

tenance. All spiritual vision was become blind. Those who professed to be endowed with some portion of spiritual insight, were looked upon, for the most part, as hypocrites. No truth, no reality, was recognized in anything, save in the outward material world. Sense, and the things of sense, had attained an almost undisputed sovereignty. In the enlightened eighteenth century, men in England had almost succeeded in persuading themselves that their superiority to the brute creation depended on the possession of a more cunningly contrived instinct, that they were not heirs of immortality, that the true creed of a wise man is summed up in these words: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." To these losses must be added the loss of novelty to the masterpieces of the literature of ancient and modern times. The indiscriminating worship of former times had ceased. The Classics were felt to be fit objects of a pedant's drudgery, or of a schoolboy's unpracticed enthusiasm; worthy to garnish a speech, or to point the moral of some doggerel verse by a person of quality. But while the spiritual vision had become absolutely dark in matters of the highest importance, it was not to be expected that it would retain much perspicacity in elevated fields of contemplation. The pert self-complacency which despised the revelations of infinite wisdom, looked

down upon the works of mere human sagacity, with an eye of approbation indeed, but mixed with an infusion of pity. In their eyes the sages of old times were men of some ability, who, if they had had the good fortune to live in the eighteenth century, might have made a considerable figure. They had written, it was true, a great deal of nonsense and absurdity; but for that, the barbarous ages in which they lived were more to blame than themselves, and on the whole, for their times, they were extraordinary men. The people in whose eyes Isaiah and Job were naught, and the life of our Saviour and his disciples a tissue of impostures, could have no great relish for the lofty speculations of the Grove and the Porch. How, in this absence of all incentives to high-mindedness, either in thought or action, spirit lay dead for the best part of a century; how reverence became transmuted into base fear on the one hand, and base hope of profit on the other; how the love of glory, which once had been a passionate desire to perform actions worthy of praise, degenerated into a morbid craving after praise, whether engendered by actions truly laudable or not; how ambition, which once had been love of power, for ends which, whether good or evil, were at least great, became a vulgar restlessness, a passion for intrigue, a thirst after the quarter's salary, or a desire to pension burdensome relatives; how the ill-born, ceasing in their inmost hearts to honor station, ceased not to adulate and fawn upon it, and despising it in others, hungered after it themselves; how wealth and

rank, which had once been the symbols of spiritual excellence, and as such were honored, had all their poetic coloring stripped from them, and became the representatives of so much pleasure, or so much power, and the trappings of so much vanity; how those feelings of the times, which were elevated above the rank of pure prose, found vent, first, in filthy representations of dissolute manners, then in bitter satires for the gratification of private malignity; how the spiritual torpor still held out, till, at last, the crash of the French Revolution awoke men's souls into something of a staggering and stupid consciousness of life, we have no time here to explain more fully.

"Twere long to tell and sad to trace
Each step from splendor to disgrace."

About the period, however, of the French Revolution, men began to discover that all was not as well with them as they had previously suspected. "The age of chivalry," said Burke, "is gone. That of sophisters, calculators, and economists has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever." Alas! it was too true. The age of chivalry was and is gone. The glory of Europe was extinguished; let us hope, not forever. The age of chivalry, as it seems, had been defunct and entombed for upwards of a century. The struggles which to Burke seemed to be its death agonies, were rather like the strivings of an awakened Lazarus to cast off from him the bandages and wrappings of the grave, and to pass forth from the noisome tomb into the world of sunny light, and free, joyous activity. From the period of this awakening we have, for the

last half century, exhibited a resolution not to sit down contented with slothfulness. Exertion has been making to recover something of the regal step and manly deportment of former times. Poets, prose-men, speculators, men of action, on all sides have been heard, voices testifying to the reality of our feebleness. Of these prophets some, principally from the class of poets, have exhibited a keen and profound, though partial, insight into the causes of the weakness, and have proclaimed real, though not sufficient remedies; others, philosophers, have cast a far-reaching glance over the surface of society, and have sought the cure of all evils in a legislation providing more thoroughly for our material wants, and a more widely diffused scientific education. The genius of the past century—the age of spiritual deadness and merely mechanical life—had its prophets also, who, if the safety of a nation lay in an acquaintance with the sciences of material well-being, would have gone far to restore perfect health. But, alas! the evil lay, and still lies, within, in the weakness of the inner man; and little has been done to remove it. Now, I may be permitted to give one or two examples, to show how completely, in times so recent that they can hardly be separated from our own, all notion of spiritual culture had been obliterated from some of the ablest minds. In the year 1816, that celebrated and much-esteemed writer, Jeremy Bentham, at the request of many eminent men, among whom were Sir Samuel Romilly and Lord Brougham, drew up, for the use of a projected metropolitan seminary,

which has since ripened into the London University, a system of instruction, professing to be all-comprehensive, in which, while we have laid before us a most exemplary catalogue of scientific studies, we can discern no trace whatever, that, in the author's opinion, spiritual culture was of the slightest importance. Even the historical and biographical studies which that scheme includes, are carefully emasculated. The skeleton facts of history and biography are to be worn into the scholar's mind as an exercise for his memory. He was to be taught to use his senses, and to acquire habits of acute observation by courses of mineralogy, botany, and chemistry; he was to be instructed how to avoid physical ill health, how to apply ordinary remedies to ordinary diseases of the body; but of the soul's ill health or good health, absolutely no care is taken. Educate the senses, cultivate the memory, fill the mind with all manner of scientific knowledge; such, in Bentham's view, is the proper mode of occupying a child's mind between the ages of seven and fourteen. Our next example is from a writer of the same class, the late James Mill. Some years since this gentleman published, in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, an essay on Education. The author undertakes to inform his readers what are the "qualities of the mind to the production of which the business of education should be directed. The intelligence which can always choose the best possible means, and the strength which overcomes the misguiding propensities, appear to be sufficient for the happiness of the individual himself;

to the pursuit of which he always has sufficient motives. But education should be an instrument to render the individual the best possible artificer of happiness, not to himself alone, but to others. The qualities then with which he ought to be endowed, to make him produce the greatest possible quantity of happiness to others, are, to abstain from doing men harm, which is called justice; to do positive good, which receives that of generosity. Justice and generosity, then, are the two qualities by which man is fitted to promote the happiness of his fellow-creatures."

Now this were all very admirable and very complete, if man's nature resembled that of the beasts of the field; if he differed from them merely in the extent of his instincts, and the variety of his desires; if the only practical problem which his life presented to him was of this simple nature: having within him a given desire, shall he, out of regard to himself or to others, gratify that desire or no? If man were nothing but this; if the possession of the object of desire, where there was no mistake as to the nature and tendency of the thing desired, and no sacrifice of a greater ultimate good, for the attainment of a present benefit; if, under these circumstances, gratification were, as in the absence of physical pain it is with the inferior creatures, always followed by happiness, then would Mr. Mills's essay contain a full solution of the problem of education. But, indeed, it is not so. To the attainment of spiritual health there belongs something more than a capacity and willingness to strike with the utmost

nicety a debtor and creditor balance of pleasures and pains. Do we not see men, possessing all Mr. Mills's requisite qualities in a very high degree, intelligent, temperate, just, and generous; do we not see men excelling their fellows in all these qualities, to whom life is a burden, and on whose souls the mystery of existence presses down with an agonizing weight? Wise almost above the lot of humanity, as to temperance, habituated both to bear and forbear without effort, they reap no fruit from the doctrine, that these qualities "appear to be sufficient for the happiness of the individual himself." Truly, it has been written that "*the unhappiness of man arises from his greatness.*" Of what use are the utmost intelligence as to the means of gratifying desires, and the utmost temperance in the use of those means, to a being whose misery it is, that with the means of gratifying all his finite desires, scattered profusely around him, he can find in all the works of God nothing infinite to support and comfort his immortal soul? Desire after desire has been gratified, but he has not yet, in the world of finite existences around him, and in the pettiness of man's daily life, been able to trace that infinitude for which his spirit yearns with an everlasting longing. The sublimity of the universe mocks the littleness of man; the faint traces of a nobler character and destiny, which he discerns in his own species, seem to him, as if, in their contrast to the general baseness of man's nature, they marked him out for the scorn of every thinking mind. The world he judges to be no other than a grotesque medley, in which

that which is great is ever in servitude to that which is little; in which the lofty serves not to exalt the mean, but the mean to degrade the lofty. It seems to him a mighty preparation without a result; an immeasurable display of infinite power and infinite intelligence, bearing on its front no symbol of an awful and infinite significance. In the destiny of man he sees nothing solemn; and in man's strivings here below, in which he beholds the type of his future life, he can understand nothing, but that his ambition and desires are infinite, his capacity and attainments nothing; that he is mocked with the semblance of good, from the attainment of which he is hopelessly and everlastingly debarred. To the despondency and anguish of such minds, what relief is afforded by the highest conceivable knowledge of the means of gratifying desires, and the highest conceivable temperance in the use of those means? The disease lies far deeper than these remedies can penetrate. Temperance and knowledge may be in abundance; but so long as the man feels that the universe is not his home, that God is not his Father, he is doomed to endure the pangs of unutterable wretchedness. When Hamlet, tortured in his holiest affections, finding that everything to which he once clung for support was unable to sustain him, in the bitterness of despair exclaims: "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!" When Faust has exhausted the round of all human knowledge, only to this lesson: "That careworn man has in all ages sowed vanity to reap despair."

When David, weary at beholding the prosperity of wicked men, began to murmur at the decrees of Providence, what was the root of the disease? Was it a want of intelligence? Was it a want of prudence in gratifying desires? No: it was the absence of that spiritual strength which God, through the mouths of prophets and apostles, through the examples of the lives of holy men, or the direct influence of His own Holy Spirit, touching and quickening the languid energies of the soul, communicates to all men, who humbly, devoutly, and sincerely desire it; which is often denied to the wise and prudent, in the pride of their knowledge and their temperance, and poured in all its fulness into the hearts of those, who to the outward eye are poor, and ignorant, and despised, and destitute. Such, then, seem to be the necessities of the present age in regard to education. In former periods, the spontaneous action of society constituted of itself an education, and apart from systems of education, fostered the growth of that which is the foundation of all goodness of character,—mental strength and energy. The schools were then places for the inculcation of learning, and, through that, for softening men's manners, for correcting the coarseness of rude and savage life, for diffusing a spirit of mildness and benevolence, for curbing the violence of the lawless, for directing aright the feelings of reverence and the sense of religion, and generally for restraining, softening, and directing energies which were then living and operating in undoubted vigor. But now the case is wholly reversed. The spontane-

ous action of society now produces external appearance in abundance. The old coarseness of manners has disappeared; an air of mildness and benevolence is everywhere spread abroad; the violence of the lawless is, for the most part, curbed; but all this avails not, so long as the native energy of character, of which these things should form the charm and the ornament, is no longer to be met with. A certain mechanical regularity has worked itself into the framework of society, and so far there is an unquestionable improvement. Society now of itself produces that which, in former times, it was the especial duty of artificial education to bring forth; habits of order, of regularity in social affairs. The power of multitudes in combination is now theoretically understood and practically applied. Society now teaches every man, without much need of the schoolmaster, how to unite himself with his fellows for the attainment of a common object. The possession of scientific knowledge is no longer thought satisfactory proof of intimacy with the powers of darkness. The chariot of society now rolls on the wheels of physical science. In the things which are fitted for the comfort of individuals, and the dissemination of knowledge of the outward world; in the things which concern social organizations, so far as these are not dependent on individual strength of character, society spontaneously supplies all education, and may, without much danger, be left to its own unassisted working. The whole energy of society is still devoted to two pursuits: first, *amusement*, in all its branches, from the gastronomic art up to the

fine arts; and, secondly, *money-getting*; which is followed by all, by high and low. Of earnest self cultivation there is little trace, though the want of it has of late been in a degree felt. It is even now only partially understood that what are called the fine arts have any higher purpose than to amuse; that a man whose bodily wants are adequately supplied, and who in point of mental culture has placed himself in a situation to give and receive that kind and amount of amusement which polished society requires, has any need which it is peculiarly incumbent on him to remove. In this state of things, education has before it an awful and a weighty task. It has to accomplish nothing less than the spiritual regeneration of a world sunk down in apathy; of a world without force, of which it may almost be said, that it is ignorant of higher duties and nobler impulses than those of feeding the stomach and amusing the mind. More than in all preceding periods, it has at once to create the elements of which character is composed, and to fashion the shape into which these elements are to be moulded. With a few unimportant exceptions, artificial education, which of old was subsidiary to natural education, now stands alone unaided to perform the mighty task. Out of the work of the Educator must come whatever product in this kind is valuable or estimable. In him the moral excellencies of all ages and nations should meet and centre, that out of his abundance he may produce, for the elevation of a torpid race, that which each nature needs for its own complete development.

THE TRIUMPH OF GRACE.

It was a lovely summer's evening; beauty and sunshine, like an angel of peace, had descended upon the earth. Occasionally a gentle zephyr, laden with rich perfume, winged its aerial flight through the embowering trees; while the harmonious notes of the feathered songsters mingled sweetly with the murmuring of the rippling streamlet, as it wound its course at the foot of a small but tastefully laid out garden, in which were seated an elderly gentleman and his daughter. The former seemed attentively perusing a huge volume which lay open in his lap. The latter, Martha, a beautiful young girl, scarcely numbering eighteen summers, sat opposite, silently occupied with her needle. They were presently joined by a third person, a handsome young man of noble and gentlemanly bearing, who, after the first salutations were exchanged, quietly seated himself in the rustic bower beside Martha. Once she raised her large blue eyes to his; but she timidly lowered them again as she met his admiring gaze, and the warm blood suffused her neck and temples, and added, if possible, an additional charm to her lovely features.

James Peshall, although an admirer of Martha's beauty, was a man of fashion; he gazed on her as he would on a beautiful flower. It is true, her society gave him momentary pleasure, but it soon passed away in the excitement of other scenes; there was, however, in his manner towards her, a pecu-

liar kindness almost amounting to tenderness; but this arose from her having received the last adieus of his mother, whose memory she venerated; who had died, alas! when he was pursuing his studies.

Martha thought, as she sat working in the rustic bower: Ah! why try to captivate the wild roving thoughts of Fancy? Sometimes they soared far away, to distant lands, to former days of sweet recollections; sometimes they wove the fantastic tissue of romantic dreams into a fairy world of ideal bliss.

"Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong in youth's untroubled
hour."

The mysterious silence which seemed to seal the lips of the occupants of the bower, was suddenly interrupted by a merry ringing laugh, which re-echoed like sweet music through the neighboring grove. Martha raised her head, and hastily rose, as a graceful young girl bounded towards her, and locked her in her embrace, exclaiming, as she did so, "Here I am back again, fair cousin, after an absence of three years' apprenticeship to study, amid musty, dusty old books;" and then with the same *naïve* gayety of manner, she flung her arms round her uncle's neck, who fondly returned every kiss with double interest, for Myrtéa was not only his niece, but she was also his ward, and he was almost as partial to her as to his own child. She then turned to James Peshall, and said, with an arch smile, as she

extended her hand to him, "I really cannot imagine what has come over you all, that you should keep such studied silence. If this is the way you spend your afternoons, I almost regret having left school, dull as it was. I really wonder you were not afraid of losing the organ of speech altogether;" and then she added, seating herself on a low stool at her uncle's feet: "One comfort is, I never shall, for I never can keep my tongue quiet a single moment. I believe if I had nobody to talk to, I should resort to talking to myself."

James Peshall gazed upon her with an air of admiration, as she, half playfully, half seriously, related her school adventures, as she termed them.

She was certainly not more beautiful than her cousin, but there was more animation in her countenance when she spoke, while every word she uttered seemed the momentary impulse of the heart. At times there was an innocent mischievousness in the never-fading smile, which seemed to play round her lips when engaged in conversation. Martha's eyes wandered from her cousin to James Peshall, and a vague apprehension came over her soul, accompanied by a strange feeling of regard towards the latter, nay, more than this word can express, suddenly took possession of her heart—it was love. For the first time in her life the suspicion of a rival flashed across her mind. If her cousin plucked a flower, already a rich nosegay was gathered and laid at her feet; if she wandered by the bank of the stream, another was at her side. Thus day after day passed, and although

James was not less kindly in his manner to Martha, he seemed more attentive to her cousin Myrtéa, and this filled Martha's soul with grief and jealousy.

About six months after the period at which our story commences, Martha and Myrtéa were standing by the bedside of their relative; the latter was weeping, but the former was plunged in that all-absorbing grief which dries up the fountain of tears, yet gnaws at the heart with often deadlier aim.

The sick man, feebly addressing himself to his daughter, said, with much earnestness, "Martha, my love, I feel the weight of death upon me; send immediately for a priest."

His daughter burst into tears. The word *death* had suddenly unlocked the pent-up fountain of grief, and she sobbed long—long and bitterly—ere she replied:

"Mr. Wilson has already sent word to say that he will call this evening, papa."

"It is not he whom I desire to see, my child, although I am grateful to him for his kind attention; but I now wish to speak with a Catholic priest."

Martha started. A sudden fear came upon her, and she almost fainted. If death itself had terminated her father's career, she could scarcely have felt more miserable, more supremely wretched. Her father to become a Catholic! Oh! horrid thought! A member of that religion which she from her infancy had learned to abhor!

"Your mother was a Catholic," continued her father; "but my position as a Protestant prevented my having you educated according

to her wishes, although I promised her it should be so before we were married. I now deeply regret my madness. Had I been actuated by strong religious motives, my conscience would not now upbraid me; but when I reflect that it was sordid, worldly views which made me act as I did, I shrink from death with an almost indescribable sensation of horror, more especially as of late I have discovered that the religion which your mother professed is the only true one, the only one that can wash from the soul the stains of sin, and thus purify it for its eternal abode."

His daughter for awhile remained motionless. To send for a priest she could not, and yet, how refuse her father's death-bed request? Her father again appealed to her filial love, and in the name of God besought her to have compassion on the fearful state of his mind, and not resist perhaps his last request. The earnestness of his manner, and the large tears which stood in his eyes as he spoke, even moved Myrtéa. Prejudiced as she was against Catholics, she could not bear to see one so beloved writhe, as it were, in almost an agony of mental torture.

Mr. Remington triumphed; a priest was sent for.

Martha trembled as she heard his feet on the stairs. She had never seen a Catholic clergyman before. They had always been represented to her as monsters in human form; as being wholly unfit for society, and capable of any atrocious deed. The fabulous narrative of the escaped nun flashed across her mind, and she mechanically raised both her hands to her

eyes, as if to veil from her view a fearful scene. What was her surprise, however, when a tall, gentlemanly young man entered the sick-chamber, who, with a graceful and kindly manner, went towards the couch of her father, and leaning over the invalid asked how he felt. The soft, subdued tone of his voice seemed like music to Martha's ear; the soothing manner in which he gently quieted her father's doubts and fears, and gave him assurance of the mercy of God, convinced her, that whatever might be the horrors of the Popish church, there were at least some good Catholics in it; and above all, when he tenderly, almost affectionately, took her by the hand and gently led her towards the window, and looking with benignity into her tearful eyes, he told her to be comforted, assuring her that her father was not so near his end as she imagined, and that he knew from experience that this illness would pass away, if the patient were kept quiet.

Ah! who has not felt a yearning of affection towards those who sympathize with them in their affliction—a holy link of love binding their souls together in the bond of Christian charity? Even Martha, prejudiced as she was against Catholics, could not resist its fascination.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, as the priest turned to leave the apartment, "do come again;" and she looked at him imploringly, as if she doubted whether he would accede to her request.

"I will, my child," he said, gently pressing her hand, while a pensive smile, mingled with holy joy, overspread his noble features.

And he did come again, and again, and again; and he talked to Mr. Remington of the glorious mysteries of the Catholic faith.

Martha sat by his side and listened, and her soul drank in every word that fell from his lips; and she knew and felt that every word he uttered were the expressions of a sincere heart; and she almost venerated him for his holy zeal, which caused him to renounce the world and all its pleasures in order to serve with undivided heart his blessed Lord.

But Myrtéa absented herself on such occasions, for the very presence of a Popish priest was odious to her.

Mr. Remington, after a fortnight's illness, completely recovered, as had been predicted to Martha, who, like her father, had now been received into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

One day, as Mr. Remington was driving a high-mettled horse, it suddenly took fright, and dashed up the road at a furious pace. Mr. Remington strove in vain to check its momentarily increasing speed; but all to no purpose, for it had managed to slip the bit from its mouth, and was consequently totally uncontrollable. Nevertheless, he firmly kept his seat, and the frightened animal made direct for its stable, and in another instant the chaise would have come in contact with the sideposts. Every one looked on in breathless anxiety, for they well knew the result would prove fatal; but at that moment a tall young man dashed forward, and at the imminent risk of his own life, seized the plunging charger by the nostrils, and after much dif-

ficulty at length succeeded in stopping him.

Mr. Remington alighted, and, followed by his deliverer, entered his house, which was close by. Martha and Myrtéa rushed forward to meet him, and eagerly inquired if he had sustained any injury, to which he replied, "No, thank God, I am not hurt, owing to the timely services of Peshall." Martha, whose first anxiety about her father had subsided, now turned to his deliverer, who languidly threw himself on the sofa, evidently in great pain.

"James, are you ill?—are you hurt?"

"No, not much," he replied. "Pray, let me have a glass of water;" and scarcely had he ceased speaking, ere he went into a deep faint.

The family physician was immediately sent for, who discovered that he had broken his right arm, and severely sprained his ankle, which brought on fever, and thus prevented his being removed to his own house.

After three days' unconsciousness, he suddenly awoke, as it were, from a fearful dream. He started up, and gazed wildly around him. It was not his own room, nor yet, properly speaking, did it look like a sleeping apartment. Some vague recollection seemed to dawn on his mind as he gazed on the pictured wall and elegant furniture; but this only caused him painfully to strain his mental faculties, without being able to solve the mystery. While these bewildered thoughts were revolving in his mind, Martha gently drew near his couch. She gazed tenderly at him in silence for a moment, and then asked in a low tone,

bordering upon a whisper, "James, do you require anything?"

That sweet musical voice revealed all; the whole scene of her father's danger and his own dauntless courage rushed across his mind, and he mechanically raised his arm, which was bandaged up, and feebly smiled, and then turning to his fair inquirer, he replied, "No, I thank you, I want nothing; but tell me, how is your father?"

"Oh, thank you, he is very well. Of course he was very much frightened at the time, but praise be to God, he was not in the least hurt." Having said this, she hastily left the room, but soon returned, accompanied by the physician, who pronounced favorably respecting his patient, although he would not permit of his being removed to his own residence for some days to come, and to these injunctions were added, that he should be kept exceedingly quiet.

For some time Martha was his almost constant companion. For hours she would sit silently working by his couch. Sometimes she would read to him, but his weak state did not allow her to converse with him for any length of time. Myrtéa not unfrequently sat with him too; but there was a fascination, a sort of charm, in all Martha said and did, that even James felt its influence daily increase,—so much so, that her absence gave him pain. He felt—he scarce knew why—and yet the vague suspicion that love had at last taken possession of his heart, gradually augmented, until he could no longer deny the fact.

One afternoon, as he was reading the newspaper to himself, and

Martha was sitting working at the window, he suddenly burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

Martha raised her eyes from her work.

"What old fools the Papists are!" he said.

Martha started.

"The idea of praying to the Virgin Mary!" he added scornfully; and then, laying down the paper, he commenced to ridicule the Catholic religion. Perhaps he might have had some forbearance had he known that he was insulting the faith of her who had tended him with so much care during his long illness—for he had been abroad when she and her father had been received into the Church, and had only just returned on the morning of the accident.

Martha's brow flushed with indignation, and her first impulse was to avow that she herself was a member of that religion which he so much abhorred; but the evil spirit of temptation for a moment flitted by. That she loved him who had heaped insult upon her faith it would be vain for her to deny; that he now loved her in turn she could not doubt. To avow her religion would be to subject herself to the contempt of the man she loved: to deny it would be to deny her Blessed Lord. She prayed for grace. She made the sign of salvation upon her heart. Ah, it was a painful struggle, but grace triumphed.

"I am a Catholic," she said, boldly, "and nothing, I trust, will ever shake me in my faith."

"What! a Catholic!—a Roman Catholic! Surely not—you must be jesting."

"It is no jest," she calmly replied; "both my father and I, I glory to say, are members of that faith;" and she clasped her hands and lifted up her eyes to heaven with a holy joy which seemed to impart to her whole countenance an almost angelic sweetness.

"A Catholic! a Roman Catholic!" he repeated, interrogatively to himself; and then raising his broken arm, he exclaimed vehemently—"Martha, you have deceived me! treacherously, basely have you deceived me! Why did you not tell me this before?—before my heart was captivated by your Jesuitical fascination? It is true you have won my heart, but never, never," he added, bitterly, "shall I so humble myself in the estimation of the world as to marry a Papist. Once I thought you incapable of dissimulation; once, too, I fooled myself into the belief that you loved me; but I was deceived." The exertion was too much for his weak state, and he sank back on his couch completely exhausted.

Ah! how cruelly did those words afflict Martha; how unmerited was his harsh censure. In what had she acted the hypocrite? Wherefore did he say she did not love him?—had not that passion dawned upon her soul ere it had been awakened in his? Was he forgetful, too, of her assiduous attention during his prolonged illness?—her ceaseless anxiety for his recovery? Was it not this that had imperceptibly taken possession of his heart? We can bear much from strangers, but to be wantonly reproved by those we love is hard indeed to bear.

Martha wept: there is relief in tears.

James had over-excited himself; the physician was sent for, who, dubiously shaking his head, pronounced unfavorably for his patient if not kept exceedingly quiet. On learning the cause of so unusual an excitement, he strictly forbade Martha to enter the sick-chamber, and consequently her cousin Myrtéa was substituted nurse in her stead.

Oh! who can express the grief she felt in not only being prohibited from attending him whom she loved with all the devotion of unfeigned affection, but that, in consequence of that prohibition, her cousin, whom in a measure she looked upon as a rival, should be preferred to her? "*Non son rose senza spine.*" Once, unobserved, she stole into the sick-chamber, and gazed upon the pale features of him who had saved her father's life at the risk of his own; yet she dared not approach—nor yet could she hear the words of his feeble voice as he conversed with her cousin. Oh! how her heart fluttered; and jealousy, hateful jealousy, began to take possession of her soul. She mechanically raised her hand to her bosom, pressed the crucifix which hung round her neck, and the recollection of the suffering of her Lord flashed across her mind, and she prayed for grace, and her prayer was answered.

After a week had elapsed, the patient completely recovered; but previous to the day fixed for his departure, he took his meals in common with the rest of his family. James gazed on the beautiful countenance of Martha, whose eyes seemed to fear to meet his. Her

gentle manner, her unwearied kindness to her father—to her cousin—to himself,—everything she did or said seemed to accuse him of injustice. He thought of the unwearied zeal with which she had tended him during his long illness, and the strong hatred he had conceived against her religion somewhat diminished. To marry a Catholic would, indeed, be a degradation; but love soon overcame this objection, and he determined to apologize to Martha for the rude manner in which he had expressed himself, and he felt sure in his own mind that he would have no difficulty in obtaining her forgiveness,—nay, more, in obtaining her hand, for he knew she loved him.

It was evening. Martha was sitting alone on the sofa, when James entered the room. “Martha,” he said, advancing towards her, “I have been unjust to you, very unjust, in making use of such harsh, such unwarrantable language: I should rather have poured out my heart in gratitude to you for your unwearied attention to me when stretched on a bed of sickness.”

“Oh! there is no need of apology,” she replied, in a tremulous voice, as she rose. He rose too, and gently laid his hand on hers to detain her, for he saw it was her intention to leave the room. “I find, Martha,” continued he, in his blindest manner, “that your being a Catholic does not diminish my affection for you: will you allow me to ask your father’s permission to sue for your hand?”

“No, it must not—cannot be,” she replied, timidly, scarcely knowing what she said: and she felt a burning blush diffuse itself over

her face, and glow on her otherwise pale cheeks; “a Catholic cannot marry a Protestant,” and she endeavored to disengage her hand from his—for she feared that love might triumph over religion, but she prayed for grace, and the efficacy of prayer is all-powerful even in the darkest hour of temptation.

“But Catholics do, every day, Martha,” replied James, half interrogatively, half persuasively.

“Then they do it at the peril of their faith. They barter, in a measure, heaven for earth; they cradle the souls of their children on the very precipice of eternal destruction.”

“But I solemnly promise you I will never restrain you in the exercise of your religious devotions. I even myself may perhaps sometimes accompany you to the evening Mass.”

Martha, who now felt her heart flutter, with a desperate effort of forced coldness, said, “It cannot be; we must part.”

“Then you do not love me!” he exclaimed, bitterly, as he dropped her hand, “and I have loved in vain.”

Such a direct appeal to her heart was too much for her. She raised her large eyes to his for one instant. Oh! what a well of pure affection he saw fathomed in their clear depth, as she added, “Once I thought I might even unite my destiny to that of him who nobly risked his life to save that of my father, even although he was a Protestant; but God has given me strength to resist even this temptation, and I trust with His grace I shall never swerve from the determination I have come to, although

it has and will cost me much to abide by it. I have prayed for your conversion; perhaps some day God will answer my prayer."

"I hope not," he replied, scornfully, "for such a religion is rendered loathsome in my eyes—a religion which thus can separate two loving hearts. God forbid I should ever become priest-ridden as you are. I am glad your cousin has had the good sense to keep out of their evil machinations."

Her cousin! Why was her cousin apparently always like a stumbling-block in her way? And a fit of angry jealousy for a moment lay like a heavy weight on the heart of Martha, but she made the signs of salvation, and it departed; and then lifting once again her clear eyes to James Peshall's, she said, calmly, "Let this be our last meeting, for I am determined never to marry a Protestant; cost me what it will. My resolution is fixed, and with God's holy grace I shall never depart from it;" and she turned, and walked with a quick but dignified step from the room.

He gazed after her, as if rooted to the spot. He would have followed, but he could not. The cold dignified manner in which she had expressed her determination never to marry a Protestant, seemed to raise an invincible barrier between them, and he left the house with an angry determination never to re-enter it again, until he had humbled, as he thought, the pride of his fair enchantress. He flattered himself that he had studied the character of woman, whose weakness on former occasions he had experienced; but ah! he knew not the power of religion; he knew not that what

he termed *Jesuitical crotchets*, were the inspirations of grace, which even Satan and all his host could not overcome. With bitterness he thought of his disappointed hopes, but more especially was his pride wounded at being rejected by one so vastly inferior to him in point of wealth, though not in virtue and nobleness of character.

Ah! how differently did those two young hearts seek for consolation. The one sought it, and found it in the wild excess of worldly pleasure; the other sought it, and found it in silent meditation and frequent prayer.

Pride prevented James Peshall from visiting the house in which his honor, he considered, had been insulted; but rather let us suppose that it was the prayers of Martha, for she knew her own weakness, and she prayed that she might not be led into temptation.

Thus day after day, and month after month, passed on, for

"Time, unchecked, unheeding onward flies," regardless of the joy or grief which the morrow may bring.

About six years from this period an old man and his daughter were sitting in the waiting-room of the Rev. Mr. —, a Catholic priest; they had waited for upwards of half an hour, when an elderly gentleman entered, who politely apologized for having kept his visitors so long.

"I was detained," he continued, with an affable smile, "by a young convert, formerly a Protestant clergyman, who is going away on a long journey, and he came to say his adieus to me before he left. I dare say you may have heard of him."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Peshall."

The young lady started, which the priest observing with surprise, said, "Do you know him?"

"My father knew a gentleman of that name," she replied, with forced calmness; "his Christian name was James, but I do not think he is the same, for my father's friend was not a clergyman," and she was about to add, "and although greatly prejudiced against Catholics, not at all religious himself;" but she checked herself, for such an avowal seemed to her innocent heart like detraction, and she sealed her lips ere her thoughts formed themselves into words.

"The gentleman I allude to has not been in orders more than a twelvemonth," returned the priest. "He told me his history, but I really forget the particulars now. I believe his becoming a clergyman was the result of the sudden death of his maternal uncle, who, though apparently in perfect health, suddenly dropped down dead while conversing with his nephew, which made such a deep impression on his mind, that from the extreme of reckless excess in pleasure he rushed into religious fanaticism. His Christian name was certainly James," added the priest, passing his right hand slowly over his eyes in a meditative mood, and then rising and going to the mantel-piece, he took from it a letter, which, having opened and glanced at the signature, said, "Yes, it is James."

Martha, with an involuntary impulse, half stretched out her hand, but she instantly checked herself, not, however, before the priest had

observed her, and he politely handed her the letter.

She hastily glanced her eye over it, and then passing it to her father, she exclaimed, as she sank back on the chair, "Thank God, he is a Catholic!" then a train of wild thoughts rushed like phantoms through her brain.

"Is he a married man?" said her father, returning the letter to the priest.

"Well, I really forget now. I think so. I think he told me he was," replied the missionary, looking abstractedly towards the door; "and yet I cannot be positive," he added, laughing, "for we priests have so many things to think of that it would require a very powerful memory indeed to be able to retain all we hear."

"Oh, I suppose so;" and the old gentleman rose and went towards his daughter, who, with a flushed countenance, had sunk back in her chair as if overcome with faintness.

That kind, affectionate voice; that tender, anxious gaze, seemed to give her strength and courage; and untying the strings of her bonnet, she replied, "Thank you; I feel better now, papa. I was only a little faint from fatigue, occasioned by our long walk this morning."

Ah, could her father have seen into the depths of her heart, he would then have witnessed the fearful struggle between hope and fear. James was now a Catholic; the barrier which then separated her from him was at length removed; but now there was another: she knew it—she was sure of it. Those who have repeatedly met with disappointments are prone to imagine that misfor-

tune must consequently ever be their portion. From what the priest had said it was just as probable that James Peshall was not married; but Martha's heart would not allow of any hope. Oh! that she might see him once more, even though she now felt certain in her own heart that he was already another's. She wished to congratulate him, to sympathize with him. What did he want with sympathy? It was she only who needed *that*. She felt her heart clinging with a desperate hopelessness to the memory of the faded past: more to the things of this world than is consistent with the religion she had embraced with so much fervor and Christian heroism in former days, when she willingly resigned all for the love of her Saviour. Why, then, should she now for an instant seem to regret the past? why should she dare to call in question the fathomless wisdom of her Maker, or presume to limit His power and mercy to any place or period?

There is only one way to overcome temptation, and that is prayer. Martha knew this, and feeling her own weakness, she prayed secretly in her heart for grace; and like a sweet balm it descended into her soul, and she rose from her seat with a renewed strength, murmuring as she did so, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" and her countenance beamed with that holy joy which had animated

it years ago, when she first voluntarily made the sacrifice, the merit of which Satan now strove to despoil her of by suggesting to her mind hopeless regrets. But he was conquered, and grace triumphed.

At this moment some one knocked at the door, and the priest's servant entering, announced that "the gentleman who had just left wanted to speak a word more with the priest."

The gentleman, who had followed close behind the servant who had thus unceremoniously announced him, now stood on the threshold of the door; but he started back in bewilderment as his eyes met those of the priest's visitors; for in a moment he recognized his long-lost sight-of friends, Mr. Reamington and his daughter. Was it a dream? It must be a dream. And he passed his hand over his eyes as if to clear his sight, for his head reeled, and he staggered to a chair.

Martha, in that tender glance which had met her penetrating gaze, read that there was now no barrier to oppose to her union with James Peshall. God had indeed tried her soul in the burning furnace of divine love, and found it not wanting in aught; and now He restored to her all that she had so nobly resigned for His sake; for the sacrifice she had made was acceptable in His sight, as was the sacrifice of Abraham when in his fervor to serve his God he was prepared to immolate his only son.

PRINCESS GALLITZIN,

MOTHER OF REV. D. GALLITZIN, MISSIONARY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE world is but little acquainted now with the character, or even the name, of the Princess Gallitzin, who at the close of the last century was distinguished as one of the most devout and learned members of a social circle eminent both for piety and intellectual attainments; whose remarkable qualities made her practically the centre of that circle; while in the world of culture beyond it, she was regarded with friendship and admiration by men of very varied types of genius.

The Princess Gallitzin was the daughter of a Prussian Field-Marshal, Count von Schmettau, and was born at Berlin in 1748. Her mother being a Roman Catholic, she was educated according to that persuasion, till the age of thirteen or fourteen, at a convent in Breslau. The chief accomplishments she had acquired by the time she had to take up her social position at her mother's house—a distinguished one in Berlin—were a proficiency in music, for which she had great natural taste, and facility in the French language. But she had become also conscious of a soul full of ardent aspirations—of a vague sentimental desire after excellence and happiness of a kind different from that pursued by the votaries of pleasure around her. Society, in the ordinary sense of the word, palled upon her. She liked, in the company of one chosen friend, or else alone, to pore over

such books as she could by any means procure from the booksellers' stalls in the city. Novels and romances first fed her youthful fancy. She declared afterwards that she had derived no harm from this species of mental indulgence, but, on the contrary, a contempt for all that was base and mean. At the same time, an undercurrent of spiritual awe took possession of her soul. The mysteries of another world, the strife of good and evil, would force unanswerable questions on her sensitive conscience.

The chance reading of a French work on metaphysics formed a crisis in her inward life. A passion for psychological inquiry now seized upon her.

This thinking, wondering girl became at eighteen years of age a lady in attendance on the Princess Ferdinand of Prussia. It was a natural step in the career of one of her birth and pretensions, and she was fitted for it besides by great personal attractions—by beauty, grace, lively wit, and musical accomplishments. "She plays the harpsichord and sings like an angel," said Diderot of her a few years later. At the age of twenty she accompanied the Princess Ferdinand to the fashionable watering-places of Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle. The impression made by her on the pleasure-seekers at these resorts was great. Her musical performances attracted them especially. But the inwardly serious and ele-

vated cast of mind, in which she so greatly differed from the ordinary run of high-born young ladies of her time, was probably little heeded or understood. One English nobleman is said to have discovered it, observing to the Princess Ferdinand that she had done well to bring the Countess von Schmettau in her suite, for that the ideas he had formed of Berlin ladies before he had left home had not been very favorable, but were now entirely changed by the noble style and manner he observed in her, so far removed from anything like coquetry.

Among the visitors at Aix-la-Chapelle was a Russian nobleman, Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, a grandee high in the employment of the Empress Catharine, past the middle term of life, magnificent in his habits, cultivated in the technicalities of taste, skilled in natural science, conversant with literature. He had lately been collecting pictures for his imperial mistress, in Paris, where he had resided fourteen years, and had become familiarly acquainted with the intellectual stars of the *Siècle Louis Quinze*—with Voltaire and Diderot in particular. In short, he had acquired that French varnish which, in the days before the great war, used to cover the mental barbarism of the Russian man of the world with a specious outside. He was now on his way back to St. Petersburg, to receive credentials from the Empress for the post of ambassador at the Hague, to which she had appointed him; and he naturally found his place in the society assembled around the Princess Ferdinand of Prussia. To Amelia von

Schmettau his conversation was attractive. He wooed and won her.

They were married at Aix-la-Chapelle in August, 1768. After the marriage they went to St. Petersburg, where the Prince received credentials for his mission, and in the course of 1770 they took up their residence at the Hague. The style of representation which was considered as part of a Russian ambassador's duty, and which the tastes of Prince Gallitzin rendered quite congenial to him, was in the highest degree splendid and showy. Everlasting visits and receptions, balls, theatres, and ceremonials, made up the round of occupation. The Prince, puzzled at first by the pensive sentimentality of his bride, thought that her spirits could not fail to rise when once she had become thoroughly imbued with the excitement of these social stimulants. But poor Amelia was suffering not only from the infliction of habits which were contrary to her taste, but from the bitterness of her heart's disillusion. "I brought back," she said afterwards, "every evening from the ceaseless round of dissipation an increased but futile longing for something better—something, however, of which I knew not the exact nature—which I dared not talk about to others. Seldom did I fall asleep without weeping. I was like one of those stage-actors who can afford delight to others by their antics, while they shed bitter tears in secret." At first, her natural spirits would sometimes rise to the surface, and at such moments her wit and sprightliness would gain for her a social popularity to which she was not wholly indifferent; but by

degrees even this excitement palled upon her, and, to fill the void in her heart, she felt there was no real resource for her but study. Greek and Latin, metaphysics and moral philosophy—such were the subjects on which her ardent curiosity fastened. Now there was at the Hague at this time a philosopher of considerable repute—Francis Hemsterhuys. He was the son of Tiberius Hemsterhuys, the well-known philologist, and was himself learned in the learning of the Greeks, especially in the writings of Plato, which he both studied and imitated. His principal work was a treatise entitled *De l'Homme et ses Rapports*, published at Paris in 1773. Some of his metaphysical lucubrations had been composed before the Princess came to the Hague, and inspired her with great enthusiasm. The philosophy of Hemsterhuys was a Deistic rationalism, based, in great measure, on the ideal doctrines of Plato, and admitting of sentimental and spiritual applications, which made it far more attractive to the enthusiastic young Countess, than the cold negations of the French metaphysicians, her husband's friends and allies. Hemsterhuys, on his part, though a mature student of fifty when the Countess made his acquaintance, was completely fascinated by her. A fast friendship grew up between them: they thought, studied, discussed, corresponded, in common. Hemsterhuys called himself Socrates, and the Countess Diotima, and composed dialogues based on the philosophical conversations they had held together. In a special work entitled *Diokles to Diotima*, he

undertook to demonstrate to his fair friend the untenableness of the whole French system of Atheism.

More than ever restless to escape the round of social dissipation as the divine charms of philosophy became more intelligible to her through the eloquence of a living expounder, Princess Gallitzin implored her spouse to allow of her retirement from the great world. At first she implored in vain; but it so happened that Diderot came to pay them a visit. He saw the fundamental difficulties of the case, and he persuaded his friend the Prince, as the best means of dealing with the increasing misunderstanding between himself and his young wife, to allow of her retreat to a small farm in the neighborhood of the town, where she might follow her whim of seclusion and study without hindrance. To this farm, situated a little off the Allée leading from the Hague to Scheveningen, Amelia now betook herself with her two children. She changed its name from *Hahn* to *Nithuyss*, the Dutch rendering for *Nicht-zu-Hause*, or "Not at Home:" meaning thereby to imply the utter seclusion from all company in which she wished to pass her days. She took more effectual measures still to mark her secession from the world of fashion. She had her hair shaved off, donned a round peruke, abjured stays, and adopted a peasant's garb. The gay world laughed at her, but she was quite content to let it laugh; and meanwhile she did not exclude from her presence some few visitors who really admired her renunciation for the sake of science.

Hemsterhuys had ready access to her sanctuary. His visits were frequent, but at first they were always made in company with her husband, who appears to have taken the conjugal separation with great good humor after the first difficulty. As time went on, however, it happened that Prince Gallitzin was frequently absent from the Hague. Then Hemsterhuys came to Nithuys all the same, and would remain for days in her company. A few expressions in her extant letters seem to hint at rebuke on her part; and it is probable that a growing sense of the ambiguity of their relations—possibly some consciousness of danger to her own susceptibilities—decided her to break up her residence at Nithuys, after she had continued it for upwards of five years. This was in 1779, when she had attained the age of thirty. She carried away with her, as the net result of this epoch of her life, a considerable store of philosophical ideas, habits of intense application, an ever-increasing thirst for knowledge, a satisfied acceptance of the Deist's position as against materialistic Atheism on the one hand, and as against positive revelation on the other, and, in general, no mean estimate of her own powers and achievements; for Hemsterhuys's praise had been without stint, as his admiration of his Diotima really seems to have been without limit. She carried away with her, moreover, two young children, a boy and a girl,—“Mitri” and “Mimi,” whom she resolved it should be the one main business of her life to educate, enriching her own mind for that purpose with learning of every sort, and exact-

ing from them a degree of application proportionate to her own.

Her uncongenial but indulgent husband seems to have allowed her free control over her actions; and her first idea was to settle at Geneva, in a house belonging to him on the banks of the lake. But it so happened that the first stage of her intended journey thither led her to the capital of Westphalia, and she seized the opportunity to make acquaintance with the eminent statesman and philanthropist who then held office as Prime Minister for the Prince-Bishop of Münster and Cologne, and who had made his administration an envy and a model to neighboring states, particularly in the matter of educational institutions. Fürstenberg was almost fifty years of age at this time—one of those Roman Catholics who figured among the best class of political philosophers in the quarter of a century preceding the French Revolution. It was his fixed aim to counterwork the influence of the licentious opinions with which French philosophy was then inundating Europe.

Energetic and ardent, positive and dictatorial, Fürstenberg was the prince and leader among a number of able men assembled at this time at Münster, and comprising, more or less within the sphere of their influence, neighboring coteries at Dusseldorf and Pempelfort. To the Princess Gallitzin his character seemed to supply that element of the heroic which had been wanting in the philosophic phlegm of Hemsterhuys. She threw herself under his influence at once, renounced her notion of settling at Geneva, and decided that Münster

should be her home. Impulsive as she was, however, she showed what must be called a high-minded distrust of herself in one respect. Jealous lest her warm admiration of the Westphalian statesman should influence her to accept his religion on insufficient grounds, she laid it down as a condition of their social intercourse that he should not attempt her conversion. "The confidential intercourse I had had with many minds," she says of herself, "wrought in me the conviction that none really and truly believed in Christianity save the common people; for it seemed impossible that men could have faith in its threatenings and promises, and yet live so contrary to its doctrines as I saw to be the case with almost all." "I could not endure," so she told Fürstenberg, "that in matters concerning God, my mind should receive any impressions save what He himself should operate in me. I prayed for light, and would keep my heart open to welcome it." She was content, meanwhile, to regard Fürstenberg's faith as a prejudice of education, without allowing it, in the slightest degree, to abate her enthusiasm for "the great man," as she invariably called him. "He is so unaffectedly great," she says in one of her letters, "and with so much simple geniality, that three-fourths of mankind pass before him without perceiving his greatness or stopping to admire it. I might compare him to the immense dome of St. Peter's at Rome. All who have seen that stupendous object tell me that the first impression is of surprise at not being more struck by its immensity—an

effect due to the exquisite harmony of its proportions." It is amusing to read after-entries in her diary, when another star had risen on her horizon, and she was capable of seeing Fürstenberg's little defects as well as his eminent virtues.

On settling down at Münster, the Princess devoted herself eagerly to the work of educating her children. She strained their intellectual faculties to the utmost, keeping them at work many hours of the day, urging them continually to more zeal, scolding them vehemently, by her own confession, when they fell short of her requirements. She subjected them, at the same time, to the hardening practices brought into vogue by Rousseau, and set them a personal example of early rising, small eating, vigorous walking, and bathing and swimming in all weathers.

Her practice was to spend her winters in the town of Münster, and her summers at the neighboring village of Angelmodde, where she hired some furnished rooms at a farmer's house, and received the friends who were wont to resort to her. Her husband and Hemsterhuys visited her for some weeks every year; and during their absence she kept up a correspondence with both of them.

Her letters written during the first three years of her residence at Münster show her incessant zeal for study. "I have already learnt to content myself with five hours of sleep," she tells Hemsterhuys, in September, 1779; and a month or two later she writes, "I read Diodorus Siculus two or three years ago with pleasure, but I was not then sufficiently advanced to read it with all the profit I might have

done, and if you come to Münster I will go over it again with you most willingly. At present all my spare moments are taken up with mathematics, of which hitherto I have acquired nothing but the merest smattering; and for my children's sake, whose education gives the primary direction to all my studies, it is needful I should make sure my footing in this science, for which the place where I am affords certain advantages. Latin occupies me likewise; and I am beginning to spell out Horace, who enchants me." Again: "I am busy reading Locke, and comparing him with Leibnitz, in order to familiarize myself with the [modern] German philosophy, which is founded in part on those two authors."

To Fürstenberg she writes concerning her mathematical studies: "I have been able to appropriate and enjoy, without any indigestion, 17 per cent. of the Spherical Trigonometry. Only just as much again, and the business is done. It is really a shame that professors should make so much fuss about things. I believe they do it, like the Egyptian priests, in order to keep the public off their subjects, and reserve to themselves a special property in them."

Such strenuous exertions were not long in provoking their Nemesis. The Princess had to endure the miseries of an overwrought brain.

A nervous fever prostrated her in March, 1783. Her life was despaired of. Fürstenberg sent his confessor to her bedside; but, firm to her principle, she declined to accept, in a moment of danger and

weakness, the offices of whose validity her unbiassed judgment was not convinced. The whole subject of religion, however, forced itself upon her in a manner not to be resisted in her waking thoughts and in her nightly visions during the long, weary period of her convalescence. The sense of the nearness of God filled her with ineffable joy. She conceived an utter contempt of earthly things—a shame and dread of the ambition and pride which stood revealed to her as the motives of her conduct hitherto. She made a firm resolve to renounce all further search after learning, save what might be required for the training of her children. "It was some time," she says, "before I could bring myself to look tranquilly at my unused books, my unfinished writings; above all, to say to my learned friends, 'I don't know this,' or 'I have not read that.' But as the Christian life became more and more a necessity to me, I got to that point and farther; farther, indeed, than I had ever hoped to get." The method she had adopted with regard to her children's religious education helped to turn her mind towards Christianity. She wished them to be religious, yet could not bring herself to teach them dogmas she did not herself believe in. She, therefore, after some deliberation, resolved to make a study of the Bible in order to convey to their minds an historical knowledge of its contents, leaving special doctrine to their future choice when they should grow up. But broken health and closer acquaintance with the sacred pages brought the Gospel teaching home

to her in an unexpected manner. "It comforted me so often," she said, "in my disordered, hypochondriacal state, from which every prop seemed to have been removed, that I determined to follow literally the touching injunction of Christ—only to follow His doctrine faithfully if we would make proof of its divine authority. I resolved I would act as if I entirely believed in Him." She then relates how her new plan of conduct opened her eyes to failings, both in herself and others, of which she had not thought before; how it drove her to have recourse to prayer as a necessity; how pride, and even, when regarded as an end and not as a means, love itself became grounds of suspicion to her. After her illness of 1783 followed three years of inward contemplation and much bodily weakness.

She celebrated her first communion, as a member of the Catholic Church, in the course of the autumn of 1786, and became at once relieved of all her doubts and perplexities. The improvement in her health and spirits, she says, was such as to create the greatest surprise in her friends and children.

The Catholic society of Münster rejoiced in their convert. Fürstenberg had retired from the ministry in 1780, but retained his supervision of the educational institutes which he had set on foot, and continued to be the presiding spirit of the place. Prebendary Katerkamp, professor of theology, with his three noble pupils of the house of Droste-Vischering—two of them afterwards bishops respectively of Münster and Cologne; Sprickmann, whom the Princess engaged as tu-

tor for her children; Overberg, the pious and simple-minded schoolmaster, Kistemacher and others, were regular members of the coterie.

The Princess was one to whom religious monition was a necessity. She turned to the pious Overberg, now an honorary prebendary of Münster, and begged him to undertake the office of her spiritual adviser and confessor. Katerkamp, who narrates the transaction, and gives the Princess's letter at length, thinks it necessary, with true German sturdiness, to apologize for such apparent subserviency of conscience on her part, and instances the relations of St. Vincent de Paul to Madame de Gondy, of Fénelon to Madame de Guyon, and similar cases as justifying it. He insists that the vigor and independence of the Princess's character were in no way impaired by her submission to a spiritual director; that she remained, as ever, in the estimation of all who knew her, the most remarkable of women for the force and brightness of her mind, and for her union of masculine culture with feminine attractiveness. Overberg, a man of very simple and childlike character, maintained his spiritual relation to her to the end of her life.

In 1793, the Princess went to Eutin, and there formed that acquaintance with Count F. L. Stolberg and his wife, which ripened into one of the many influencing friendships of her life. Her epistolary correspondence with Count Stolberg took the place, in frequency and fulness, of that which she had formerly kept up with Hemsterhuys. The mantle of reverence

for Diotima seems fully to have fallen on Stolberg's shoulders.

Goethe was at Münster in November, 1792, on his return from the campaign in France. The Princess gave him a cordial reception in her own house. The poet comported himself more circumspectly than on a former occasion. "I was aware," he says, "that I was coming into a serious society, and I behaved myself accordingly." It was Goethe's usual practice, indeed, as we know, to lay himself open to all impressions. He loved to indulge his imaginative sympathies, whether with the passions of wordlings, or with the spiritualities of the devout. For the Münster circle he had a true respect. He says that the course of daily life, as he witnessed it in the Princess's house, struck him as a happily chosen middle state between the present and the future world. He beheld the constant practice of a beneficent charity; a mild but serious asceticism; time spent alternately in devotion and in doing good to others; moderation in the good things of life; simplicity in household arrangements; an appearance of plainness, and even poverty, in the furniture and appointments. Prince Gallitzin, as we learn from other sources, furnished his exalted wife with very liberal supplies of money; but it was her pleasure to spend it almost all in works of charity. She pressed on Goethe's acceptance a valuable collection of engraved antique stones, which Hemsterhuys had bequeathed to her. He refused at first, but just before his departure she reiterated her request so earnestly, that he could no longer

withstand it. The treasures, inclosed in a small chest, and catalogued, were placed in his hands. "And so we bade each other heartily farewell," writes Goethe; "but yet we did not part immediately. The Princess told me she meant to accompany me to the end of the first stage, and took her place beside me in my carriage, her own following. Once more we went over, in our talk, the most solemn points of life and doctrine. I reiterated, calmly and mildly, my usual *credo*: she persisted in hers. And then we took our several ways to our destinations; she with the parting wish that in another world, if not in this, we might meet again." They did meet again, however, not long afterwards. In 1795 she had left Münster for a while in consequence of the war, and was at Weimar. The occasion proved favorable for clearing up some misunderstanding which Jacobi had brought to pass between them. "Had not the Princess been so true of nature," says Goethe, "an irreparable alienation might have taken place." "Her character, great in itself, and strengthened by religion, maintained its uprightness; a tranquil activity accompanied all her movements; thus she preserved relations of goodwill with me, and I rejoiced, in those times of confusion, to be able to set some good on foot, in conformity with her suggestions."

In 1800 the Stolbergs came to Münster, and took up their residence there. The Count's opinions had long tended towards Catholicity, and the influence of the Princess Gallitzin completed his conversion. But his catholicity

ever remained mild and tolerant. The Princess rejoiced in welcoming this illustrious addition to the chosen coterie with which she passed her days. Katercamp says that Stolberg's influence promoted growth of the spiritual life among the upper classes of society, as the influence of Overberg did in the middle and lower classes. The Princess's heart was open to all. She welded and fused the different theosophic elements around her (not always without their jarring angularities), and was as the gracious sunshine to all alike. In liberality of heart, that beautiful feature of the pietism which flourished in the closing decades of the eighteenth century, she equalled all her friends and contemporaries—nay, excelled most.

One of her most remarkable utterances is a long letter, written to Hemsterhuys in 1787, soon after her "conversion," from which we can only afford a few extracts: "The epoch which brought me to the term of my transformation—a holy and sacred epoch which I shall never forget, owing to it, as I do, new and important sensations, which I should never have attained without it, and an entire change in the tendency of my forces and desires—revealed to me with indescribable clearness a new light. I *felt*, in a word (for the details are not matter for a letter), that the happiness to which every wise man should aspire while he is in this sublunary state of being, consists solely in placing his will in conformity with God's will, in *loving* that will; or, in other words, in being satisfied with things as they are." Then, after detailing the

mental processes by which she seeks to govern her sensibilities: "I have succeeded, by faithful and exact obedience to my principles, in securing possession of that so much desired inward peace, seeking to limit my emotions solely to the actual moment, according to the deep utterance of the most beautiful of prayers, "Give us *this day* our daily bread." But it is not without labor and sweat, without constant attention, that I preserve that precious boon, the source of so many others. Adieu, dearest Socrates. Let not my follies and weaknesses weary out your power of loving me. Let us not quit each other (whichever has to depart first) without having made progress in this matter as in others, so that our mutual love may continue through all eternity, and that in this assurance the survivor may be able to take refuge as behind an impenetrable ægis, against that most formidable of enemies, the solitude of bereaved affection."

"Mitri," or Demetrius, the Princess's son, with his father's consent, was sent by her to America in 1792, in order to give him two years of study and travel before he should enter on the military course of life, which was the regulation destiny of a young Russian nobleman. When at Baltimore, however, the youth, whose mind had been strongly impregnated with his mother's piety and religious devotion, came wholly under the influence of the Jesuits, and he renounced all his European prospects to live and die a missionary in the Western Continent. Even at his father's death, in 1803, when the Princess laid before him the de-

sirableness, in a worldly point of view, of coming back to claim his legal rights of succession, he refused. The Princess could not withhold her approval from his motives: but the decisive separation cost her dear. Her letters to Mitri, "the most tenderly loved son of my heart," overflow with affection and longing, and are most touching in the humility with which she entreats his forgiveness for all her shortcomings towards him. Her daughter, "Mimi" (Maryanne), grew up and married; but she was plain and insignificant in person, and inherited none of her mother's attractions.

Prince Gallitzin's death took place suddenly at Brunswick, on March 6, 1803. It preceded that of his wife by three years only. Her health had long been broken by sciatica and other ailments. On March 2, 1806, she took to her bed, never to rise again. Overberg

watched over her to the last; and she was carefully tended by her daughter and a niece. The sufferings of her last days were great. She bore them all with the most pious resignation. She expired in the act of receiving the Holy Communion, on Sunday, the 27th of April. Her body was laid out for view, and was visited by an immense number of mourning friends, both high and low. The poor felt that they had lost a mother in her.

When all was over the Countess von Stolberg invited Overberg to take up his residence for a while in her family circle. He could not make up his mind to the effort. "She was daughter, sister, mother, friend to me," he said, in declining the proposal, "and my heart is too weak, as yet, to bear seeing her place empty in the friendly circle to which I was wont to accompany her."

EVENING.

A SWEET, calm eve it is; and in the west,
 The dull, gray west, that late such glory had,
 A solitary star retires to rest,
 Sad, in the sense that loneliness is sad.
 Dogs, baying, answer dogs; cows, lowing, cows;
 And one lone corncrake calls, and one lone quail;
 Conspiring thus to break the hush, and rouse
 Sweet, soft-lipped Echo slumbering in the vale.
 A while, and other stars steal forth abashed,
 Timid as fawns that peer out one by one
 From some thick wood. The eastern sky is washed
 Far up with faintest radiance; and anon
 The moon, clearing the craggy mountain height,
 Pencils the vales with shade; the hills with light.

PROTESTANT DEVOTION TO RELICS.—THE DIFFERENCE.

A CHARMING episode occurred the other day, at the laying of the corner-stone of the new post-office in Boston. It may be necessary to state that the corner-stone was laid by the Masons, with all the ceremonies of the ritual made and provided. During the somewhat pompous address of the officiating Grand Master, after alluding to the fact that "the immortal Washington, in 1793, in his masonic capacity, arrayed in the paraphernalia of the craft, laid the foundation of the capitol at Washington," went on to say: "The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts reverences the name and cherishes the most grateful remembrance of Washington. Its archives contain his letters, and annually since 1794, a lock of Washington's hair, carefully preserved in a golden urn—the cunning workmanship of the mason and patriot, Paul Revere—is intrusted to the safe custody of the Grand Master at his installation. This precious relic we continue to treasure with pious solicitude. Through vicissitudes of fortune hard to endure, through conflagrations which have devoured our temples, this has been spared. We bear it in our processions. It accompanies us to-day. Permit us, Mr. President, to place this sacred relic in your hands." And, the reporter adds, the precious relic was placed in the hands of President Grant, and that he observed it with "curious interest." And, no doubt, it was looked upon with reverence by the assembled multitude, and probably there was not a man, wo-

man, or child, among the vast crowd, who would not have esteemed it a rare privilege to be able even to touch the golden urn in which the sacred relic—the simple lock of hair of the Father of his country, the great Washington—was enshrined.

Now imagine the scene changed. You are present at some solemn function of the Catholic Church; let it be the commemoration of St. Ignatius Loyola, in one of the splendid churches of the Jesuit Fathers. At a certain point in the service the officiating priest, who is pronouncing a eulogy upon the sacred founder of the illustrious order, announces that he holds in his hands a golden reliquary containing a lock of hair of the great and glorious saint, Ignatius Loyola, a man of heroic sanctity, who abandoned the world to serve God, and spent his life in a sublime devotion to the greater glory of God and the good of his fellow-men. "This precious relic," he exclaims, "we treasure with pious solicitude. Through vicissitudes of fortune hard to endure, through conflagrations which have devoured our temples, this has been spared. We bear it in our processions. It accompanies us to-day; and, my brethren, knowing your devotion to the memory of this great and good man, I am now going to extend to you the very great privilege of approaching and testifying your veneration and love by kissing the sacred reliquary." But hark! what is that I hear? As the people are pressing forward,

not merely with "curious interest," but with "pious reverence," to embrace the proffered privilege, a dissonant voice, that grates harshly on my ear, exclaims, "What superstition!" "How absurd to attach so much importance to a lock of hair of a mere mortal man, how-

ever great!" "What man-worship!" "What a pity these poor, ignorant Catholics should be so blinded, so misled by these crafty, designing Jesuit priests!" Truly, circumstances do alter cases, with a vengeance!

"GOD'S WILL BE DONE."

"God's Will be done!" It is the only prayer
That cometh now into my faint sad heart,
For, from God's Will I have no will apart:
And yet I gain no grace, for my despair
Hath bowed me thus, and brought me to His feet,
And not the meekness of a spirit sweet
And gentle, filled with love, submission, trust,
But a crushed spirit, humbled to the dust.

"God's Will be done!" The path seems drear and long;
I have no aim to guide to any goal.
And looking onwards as the slow years roll,
No light can I discern, no purpose strong,
To nerve and brace me for the battle-field.
I could lay down my arms and weakly yield,
Before the guerdon of the fight is won;
The victory gained, the day's long conflict done.

"God's Will be done!" Again, and yet again,
The words return, and echo through my soul,
And some day, may be, they may "make me whole,"
And work a cure, and ease me of this pain,
And I shall feel again the pulse of life
Quickened within me, and the weary strife
Be ended, of these long and empty days;
And, gazing upward, I shall give God praise.

M. W.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION, from the days of Wolsey to the death of Cranmer. By S. H. Burke. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1872. Through Eugene Cumiskey, Philadelphia.

This series of graphic portraiture of the men and women that figured in the English Reformation combines the excellencies of history, biography, and romance. The high-souled Wolsey, the beautiful cunning "Mistress Anne," the licentious and tyrannical Henry, the vain Elizabeth, the steadfast Moore, the vacillating Cranmer, all pass in procession before us. The author spares no one. He evidently possessed untiring patience and habits combined with a keen power of observation, for he describes the everyday life, peculiarities, personal appearance, foibles, and the good and bad traits of all his characters. The Court gossip and slander, on which he draws rather freely in his illustrations of character, detract somewhat from the dignity of the history, but add to its graphic force and general interest.

Among the analyses of the various personages described, we were particularly pleased with that of Wolsey's. Protestant writers load him with reproaches; Catholics, following them half way, look upon him as a bold, proud, ambitious man, his vices relieved by his munificence and the external splendor with which he surrounded his high dignity. Mr. Burke, by taking the middle course, has, we believe, formed a true idea of the great though unequal character of the illustrious Cardinal.

As a *critique*, the book ranks high. The earlier Protestant historians are shown up in their true light, as mean apologists of the cruelty and rapacity and licentiousness of Henry and Elizabeth. The chapter on the "religious institutions of olden England" is full of striking facts, illustrations, and explanations touching the nature of the English monastic institute destroyed by the Reformation,

and the chapter on the Bible is replete with trenchant sarcasm and logic in reference to the boast that, though the Reformation was begun in England by the influence on the people by their private reading of the Scriptures, the author showing that few outside the clergy either could or would read anything at all. In short, the work gathers together hundreds of more proofs, showing that the English Reformation "was conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity."

1. THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, OR THE SEVEN PILLARS OF THE HOUSE OF WISDOM.
2. THE DEVOTION OF THE SEVEN DOLORS.
3. THE SCHOOL KEEPSAKE AND MONITOR FOR AFTER-LIFE.
4. SCHOOL SONGS.
5. THE FIFTEEN MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY.
6. THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. By Rev. Henry Formby. New York: Publication Society, 1872. Through Eugene Cumiskey, Philadelphia.

Father Formby has a peculiar talent and grace for writing and compiling just the kind of books which our youth need and like. All the above works are composed and arranged in a singularly attractive style, at once simple, beautiful, and striking, whilst as an appropriate offset they are all embellished with finely executed illustrations.

LITTLE PIERRE, THE PEDDLER OF ALSACE. 12mo. Catholic Publication Society, 1872. Through Eugene Cumiskey, Philadelphia.

This is the most charming Catholic tale that we have read for years. The scene is laid near the "castled Rhine," and its openings give us glimpses of beautiful Alsace, with its strange picturesque old towns, and its good, simple-hearted inhabitants. There is nothing "namby-pamby" about any of the little folk,

whose adventures and trials are told to us. Pierre is a manly boy, going out into the rough work-a-day world, with his peddler sack and stick, and triumphing in his virtue and strong common sense over the temptations and dangers into which his wandering life necessarily leads him. We hope our Sunday-schools will add a number of copies of this fine story to their library shelves.

EXCELSIOR, or Essays on Politeness, Education, and the Means of Attaining Success in Life. 12mo. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1872.

This is the grandiloquent title of a useful little book on etiquette and the general observances and proprieties of society. The means to attain success in life are said to be two, viz.: "manliness" and etiquette. We suppose that the author is a Catholic, or, at least, a good, conscientious man, and we are surprised that he should take such paltry and unworthy views of life and men. There is too much appealing to a boy's "manliness," and his "interest," and his "sense of propriety," and too little stress laid on the functions and importance of his faith, virtue, conscience, and religion, in the affairs of life. Such a book, however, is infinitely preferable to Chesterfield's godless and immoral letters, or to the dime books on courtship, &c., that afflict the community. If "Excelsior" cannot inspire his young readers with lofty Catholic views of life, and its true success, he certainly will impress them with the profound importance of table etiquette, and the fearful responsibility of carving.

THE HOUSE OF YORKE. By M. A. T. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1872. Through Eugene Cummiskey, Philadelphia.

"This excellent story, which was published serially in the *Catholic World*, is now ready in book form. The main incidents took place in the year 1854, in the State of Maine, during the Know Nothing epidemic. Out of this persecution the author has drawn a tale of thrilling and dramatic interest. The descriptions

of "New England scenery" are lifelike, and are almost equal to the characterization given of the Yankees themselves. As a novel it supplies the want for summer reading, but unlike most novels its interest culminates in a grand and impressive moral and truth.

CONSTANCE SHERWOOD. An Autobiography of the Sixteenth Century. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1872. Through Eugene Cummiskey, Philadelphia.

The talented authoress of "Lady Bird" and "Too Strange not to be True" added a new leaf to her laurels in the production of the present work. We think it her best, although many critics consider it too quaint, prosy, and historical to be called a romance. But it contains, in its sweet, quaint old English, more beautiful and thoughtful passages than any other of her Ladyship's works, whilst it deals with times and men and women whose very mention awakens an interest, which a writer like Lady Fullerton easily deepens into the profoundest attention.

THE MERCHANT OF ANTWERP. A tale from the Flemish of Hendrick Conscience. Translated by Revin Lyle. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1872. Through P. F. Cunningham, Philadelphia.

This is a very pleasing story; the scenes of which are laid in Antwerp and America. Raphael Banks, the hero of the plot, forms an attachment for a Miss Verboord, a daughter of his employer—the course of which does not run smooth. It however comes right in the end. The book is gotten up in good style.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

P. F. CUNNINGHAM HAS NOW IN PRESS—

Marion Howard; or, Trials and Triumphs.

The Divine Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Being an abridgment of the Mystical City of God.

Life of St. Augustine, Doctor of the Universal Church.

